



J. M. WINCHELL, {
Proprietor. }

Independent in Everything.

{ J. M. WINCHELL, {
JAMES JOHANNOT, } Editors.

VOL. 2.—No. 2.

SYRACUSE, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1849.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

Original Articles.

A VISION OF LIFE.

BY VISECHER MIX.

The evening falls
Calmly on plain, on valley and on hill ;
The owl from her hidden eyry calls—
Then all is still.

Gently the dew,
Distilled upon the earth in softest showers,
And cooling the warm air, opens anew
The drooping flowers.

The odorous wing
Of zephyr, sheds around the sweet perfume
Gathered from bowers where honeysuckles cling
And roses bloom.

The planets glide
Like festive lamps* upon the Ganges east,
Which, burning on the still, retreating tide,
Vanish at last.

O blessed gloom !
Made up of twilight and the starry beam !
Alike fantastic, 'midst thy shadows, tomb
And palace seem.

Holy and deep—
O Silence ! born of Solitude and Night !
This is thy temple ; universal sleep
Its only rite.

The moon awakes
And springs from her Endymion's charm'd em-
brace :

How glorious is the silver flood that breaks
O'er Earth's dim face !

Forest and hill,
The distant village spire, the crumbling wall,
The hushed and waveless lake, the winding rill,
Are silver, all.

Beneath this beach,
Upon the sod, freshened with gathering dews,
Half shaded by the boughs that o'er me reach,
Reclined, I muse.

* Referring to an Indian superstition. The lamps are placed on the holy river, and if they continue to burn all they are borne out of sight, the omen is good ; if they expire, it is evil.

The depths of space
Seem bending softly down to meet my gaze ;
New glories—endless, fresh revealed—I trace
Through the dim haze.

Old scenes arise,
In the deep fountains of my memory glassed ;
I seem, in the soft shadowing of the skies,
To read the Past.

Again the brook
That murmured music to my infant ear,
While summer-drowsing in some forest nook,
Seems gurgling near.

The friends, again,
Once dear, though vanished long from manhood's
sight,
Come, bearing links of friendship's broken chain
To re-unite.

It softens still—
This stubborn heart, so hardened and so cold ;
Still tenderer impulses its fibres thrill,
Even as of old.

Sweet whisperings come,
And breathe the love of kindred in my ear,
And—O still dearer than these words of home !—
That voice I hear.

Ambition's fires
Next kindle in my breast, and these consume ;
Leaving the heart, for all these fond desires,
Only a tomb.

And then they break—
The false, false bubbles that allured me on ;
I find, when from the dazzling dream I wake,
The glory gone.

And now, more bright,
More pure, more heavenly, through the darken-
ed air,
A holy vision dawns upon my sight,
Inducing prayer.

In this, combine
The higher glories of all other dreams ;
Yet no dark passion dims the light divine
That o'er it streams.

Revealed to me
From out the depths of splendor where they lie,
Familiar glimpses of old thoughts I see,
Holy and high.

Here, here, are met
Love's gentlest wish—ambition's loftiest lure ;
All springs of human action ; all—and yet,
As Heaven, all pure.

The song of spheres
Comes rushing on my spirit with a power
Like that which told Chaldea's watching seers
Christ's natal hour.

And now, a voice,
Not recognized by mortal sense, I hear ;
I listen, and with heavenly joy rejoice,
And holy fear.

And thus it saith :
" Mortal ! thou yearnest life's true aim to know ;
TOIL FOR THY FELLOW-MEN ; and life and death
Shall bliss bestow."

The voice is gone ;
The light is vanished from my eager gaze ;
I see but myriad stars, which, pale and wan,
Gleam through the haze.

But evermore
That living presence bathes my soul, and gives
The power its native glory to restore
To all that lives.

TWO LEAVES FROM TWO NOTE BOOKS.

LEAF THE SECOND.

" Once on a time," after undergoing numerous trials and tribulations, some of which have been feelingly and eloquently described by my companion in travel, I found myself in the goodly city of Canton.

Startle not most erudite Geographer ! Shake not thy head so doubtingly, most learned Traveler ! Smack not thy lips so lovingly, thou sipper of the gossip weed ! Smile not so incredulously, thou disciple of the great Confucius ! I mean not the renowned city of the " Brother of the Sun ;" the great trading mart of the Celestial Empire ; but a little, inland town, of farming and trading Dutchmen, in the interior of Ohio.

By what process, internal or external, my companion and myself had been translated from the land of civilization, it cometh not in the province of this " ower true tale" to describe ; suffice it to say, we were on a pilgrimage of discovery ; statistical, educational, and commercial.

We soon satisfied ourselves concerning the wonders of the place: waded through the principal streets; examined the antediluvian architecture of the buildings, looked at a number of merchants' signs, with jaw-breaking names which would prove a treasure to Father Diedrich in a fresh edition of his "New York;" stared at an unheard-of amount of lawyers' "shingles," peering out pertly from suspicious looking offices, and discussed a dinner, the meat of which in quantity and variety, would have served in the east for a general training. Not being very agreeably entertained by witnessing the trading operations of the half-civilized natives, whose loftiest aspirations rise no higher than to excel in raising huge swine and monstrous calves of both the quadruped and biped species, we resolved to investigate the indigenous Literature of the place; for the furtherance of which laudable enterprise we meekly entered a shop, where an array of Books upon one side, and Drugs upon the other, proclaimed the occupant to be a sort of Esculapian Faustus. Scarcely, however, had we entered the door, when we were assailed by a volley of questions from a middle aged, fine looking man, behind the counter, with a rapidity which defied answer, and an impudence which we seldom expect to find south of Connecticut. We stared for a moment in actual astonishment, even forgetful of the *genus*; so little did we expect to find so rare an exotic, amidst the native sunflowers and marygolds. He, at a glance, recognized in us the unmistakable marks of Yankees; and his first question was, how we were, in that vicinity, to commence our piratical expedition. His whole harangue was in the most approved style of bar-room blackguardism, tintured with a biting sarcasm. When, with a tone of great gravity, we complimented his wit and wisdom, wondering what could have so long kept such extraordinary talents out of Congress, he became astonished in his turn, changed his manner entirely, and showed himself to be frank, open-hearted, and intelligent; and the hour that we passed with him, will long be remembered as an oasis in a social desert. From him and from other sources, we learned the following facts concerning the educational matters of the place:—1. A male Academy was here located, whose fame extended far and wide, and to which thronged the budding candidates for judges, senators, and presidents, from all the surrounding country. 2. A like celebrated female Academy had broken up, or broken down, for want of patronage. 3. The common schools were kept in divers old tan-houses, about town, which had so far decayed as not to answer the purpose for which they had been erected, but which were considered capital school-rooms; partly, perhaps, on account of the still lingering ambrosial odors which characterize a tannery, and partly because of the great numbers of old horns lying about, and so convenient for the children, as play things.

Having a curiosity to see how matters were managed here in the wilds, and nothing else to do, we set off to visit these schools, of course giving precedence to the Academy. The building in which it was kept, was the progeny of some mighty imagination;—huge and roomy enough for a feudal castle, but, like the residence of Knickerbocker's New England farmer, only a small portion had been finished; for, as the pocket grew light, the imagination grew heavy and sunk down. We walked into this aerial castle, and, guided by the unmistakable hum of the school-room, found the right door, and after in vain endeavoring to make ourselves heard by knocking, we walked in, coolly seated ourselves and commenced a survey of the

room and its contents. Being accustomed to the convenience, perfect order, and system of the eastern schools, we could not fail of being struck by the contrast. The apartment was of vast proportions. The desks were arranged in the manner of stalls, with high and substantial partitions of plank between them, to prevent the unruly animals from disturbing the more peaceable ones; the floor, to all appearance, had never been contaminated by broom or water, and the scholars, about ninety in number, of all sizes, were lolling upon their seats, strolling about the room, or hanging from the top of their partitions, like clusters of sausages in an old-fashioned kitchen; and all staring at us as though we were remarkable fossils just brought to light.

The Teachers—two Scotchmen, father and son, who rejoiced in the cognomen of McGregor, being lineal descendants of the veritable Rob Roy—discovered us, after a time, (probably from a momentary lull caused by our entrance,) and came forward and welcomed us to their school. We begged them to proceed with their usual exercises, which they did, leaving us at liberty to pursue our investigations undisturbed. We never before had such a realizing sense of the absolute importance of a well-digested system in the school-room. Here were two men of superior intelligence, laboring to the utmost extent of their physical abilities, and, no doubt, performing much good; but, for the lack of order, their labor was wasted, and Babel reigned. Each scholar was pursuing such a course of study as seemed best to him, and the teachers were not capable of answering the calls from various parts of the room. We took leave after the boys had gone screaming, scampering, and tearing down stairs at recess, glad to escape from the din.

But being pleased with the literary taste of the teachers, we called upon them in the evening. We were welcomed with cordial hospitality and the conversation naturally turned upon their native country, in which we took the greatest interest.—The old gentleman's eyes sparkled as he discoursed upon Ayrshire, the Banks of Doon, Abbotsford, Bannockburn, and other places rendered sacred by history and genius, and we almost seemed denizens of those places, as we listened to his animated and eloquent recital. That evening will long be remembered with pleasure, for the rich intellectual treat received, and for the momentary forgetfulness of latitude and longitude.

The next morning, we concluded to postpone indefinitely our visits to the afore-mentioned tan-houses, bade our host good bye, and "went on our way rejoicing."

GOD.

BY REV. NELSON BROWN.

Thy wisdom, glory, and thy power are seen
Spread out in radiant beauty o'er the skies,
Glowing with grandeur in the rain-bow's sheen,
And smiling on us from the watchful eyes
Of gentle stars, fair guardians of the night,
Diffusing calmness by their soft and soothing light.

Where mystic lights in solemn beauty glow
In the far north, and ice-built temples rise
In awful splendor,—though their altars know
No mortal worshiper beneath the skies—
There thou hast reared o'er all a radiant throne,
Whose magnet power is felt in every clime and zone!

Thou hast the keys of NATURE. By Thy hand
Almighty, do all orbs in glory roll;
Thou art the central HEART of all;—the grand,
The mystic, energizing Pulse and Soul!
Thy thoughts, O God gleam out from all Thy laws!

Their inner force shows forth the first and mighty Cause;

Where spring the tiny seeds to infant life,
And onward thence to ripe and golden grain,—
Where wafts the breeze, with grateful fragrance rife,
From garden flowers, when falls the gentle rain,—
Where warble birds, in each, green, waving tree,
Gladdening our hearts with their sweet minstrelsy—

Where, 'mid green meadows, laughs the merry stream,
Murmuring soft music ever in its flow—
Where, in the sun-light, its pure waters gleam,
And hill, and dale, and sky with beauty glow,—
There is Thy presence, smiling over all;
There doth Thy goodness, grateful praises from us call.

Where mountain waves upon old ocean dash,
Glowing like liquid amber in the light
Of half-veiled stars,—where echoing thunders crash,
And lightnings gleam athwart the brow of night,—
Where heard the storm-king's fierce and giant roar—
There art Thou, God, in Thy sublime and awful power.

EDEN VALE, Howlett Place, Sept., 1849.

THE BLIND.

Messrs. Editors:—

I met, this afternoon, a woman who had been married but five days, ere her husband passed to the spirit world. "She wept incessantly," she said, "for three weeks, when her eyes became inflamed, and soon the natural world, so full of beauty and sublimity, was to her a sealed volume. Even the faces of those so familiar and dear—her old father and mother—were darkened. She was blind! Think of her, thou happy wife! rejoicing in the husband of thy youth, loving to reach his truth in his beaming eye; think of her, so soon severed from

"The nearer one still,
And dearer one yet, than all others,"
who, while the delicate fibres of her soul yet trembled with anguish, perceived the familiar and beautiful, becoming more and more alone, until her natural eye closed. Not so, I ween, the spiritual. In a voice, soft, gentle and low—she said, "I think I love the world more, and my friends more, since I have been blind, and I am sure my friends are kinder to me, and love me more than before."—We doubt it not, for he who can speak harshly to, or pass coldly by the *unfortunate blind*, hath no chord in his heart vibrating in harmony with the melody of earth and heaven.

After exhausting her means in a vain endeavor after restoration of sight, Mrs. De Kruyt went to New York and entered the Institution for the blind. While there, her letters found their way to the press, were widely circulated, and awakened for their fair authoress, a lively interest. Asa

last resource, she has concluded to publish a volume of her letters, to be ready for circulation by Christmas. The President and Directors of the Institution, of which she is an inmate, are warmly interested in her project. She stopped in our city a day or two, on her way back to New York, to obtain subscribers who were willing to pay in advance. The subscription price is but 50 cents, a far less sum than most of us spend weekly for trifles. I think few can look upon her mild, pleasant countenance, and think of her, *sightless* and *bereaved*, without being moved by the kindest feelings.

The maimed, the lame, the blind, we have always with us, but how few of them meet with kindness and sympathy. Are they not left *alone* with their sorrow, to grope their dreary way through life, dependent too often, upon the cold charity of an unfeeling public, and when old age is added to their other infirmities, driven, as a last resource, to the home of the pauper?

In one of those abodes, a dark, dingy, dreary, desolate house, I remember to have seen an old lady, with a green shade over her eyes, alone in the room. Her hair was silvery white, her face deep furrowed by time and care; yet, her form was slight and delicate. As she removed the shade, and raised her sightless eyes, an expression of the most hopeless, yet *benign* sorrow, rested on her pale countenance. There was something surpassingly mournful in that glance. How easily was it read? Alas! Those trembling hands had rested in blessing upon the heads of her children; her children's children had lain in her arms, and pressed their lips to hers; yet was she, when old age and blindness came upon her, a *town pauper*.

"Alas for the rarity
Of human charity,
Under the sun."

Maybe it had been hers to prove,

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth, it is
To have a thankless child!"

This only, I know, with no kindred nigh, in that gathering place of the destitute and depraved, her gentle spirit passed away. M. M.

Select Miscellany.

VENICE.

BYRON.

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs,—
A palace and a prison on each hand;
I saw from out the wave, her structures rise,
As from the stroke of an enchanter's wand:
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Look'd to the winged Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sat in state, throned on her hundred
isles!

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean;
Rising with her tiara of proud towers
At airy distance, with majestic motion,
A ruler of the waters and their powers:
And such she was;—her daughters had their
dowers
From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East
Poured in her lap all gems in sparkling showers;
In purple was she robed, and of her feast
Monarchs partook, and deemed their dignity in-
creased.

In Venice, Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier;
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always, now, the ear:
Those days are gone—but beauty still is here.
States fall, arts fade, but nature doth not die.
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear;
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy.

But unto us she hath a spell beyond
Her name in story, and her long array
Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond
Above the dogeless city's vanished way;
Ours is a trophy which will not decay
With the Rialto; Shylock and the Moor,
And Pierre, cannot be swept or worn away.
The keystones of the arch! though all were o'er,
For us, re-peopled were the solitary shore.

From the Knickerbocker Magazine.

THE UNSELFISH AVENGER.

In the year 183—, I was attending medical lectures in Paris. The revolution which made Louis Philippe King of the French had subsided. The city was quiet, except when disturbed by occasional plots against the king's life, manifested by the letting off of pistols, blunderbusses and "infernal machines," in a way that none but Frenchmen know how to appreciate.

There were at that time, in Paris, an unusual number of students; I suppose between twenty and twenty-five thousand. These were made up from almost every country upon the face of the globe. Nearly all of them had apartments "*sur l'autre cote du Seine*," in the part denominated "The Students' Quarter." Although they formed in a measure a community of their own, still it must not be supposed that it was precisely similar to a community of German students; far from it. For while the size and immense resources of Paris presented continual and varied temptations for the idler and the pleasure-seeker, and the excitement of politics (your student is always a true republican) gave a zest to the life even of the most studious, they served at the same time to break down that barrier which always stands, as an absolute barricade, between the students in German universities, and the "outside" world. Therefore in Paris there was more of refined debauchery; in the universities, more out-and-out, dare-devil dissipation and hardihood; in Paris more intrigue, an occasional assassination and a few duels; in the universities less intrigue, no assassinations, and half a dozen duels *per diem*. The morals of the students generally were bad—deplorably bad. With comparatively few exceptions, each student lived with his *maitresse*, who, beside being his faithful attached "friend," (I use the parlance of the town,) performed the part of his housekeeper, saw to the preparation of his cafe, and looked kindly after his wardrobe. These alliances sometimes continued for years, with fidelity upon both sides; but it is not my purpose to go into any detail of what has so often been spoken of. I only allude to it here, to make my story intelligible.

My lodgings were in the *Rue d'Enfer*; several acquaintances had apartments in the same place. Most of us attended upon the

same lecturers and walked the same hospitals.

Directly across the street stood an antiquated—even for the *Rue d'Enfer*—stone house, on which I had never seen placarded "*apartemens a louer*," but where lived a pale, slender, sad-looking, light-haired young man, who came forth daily and proceeded to the lecture-room or to the hospital. As he happened to make similar rounds with myself, I soon got acquainted with him; that is, we spoke when we met, walked along together if we fell in company, and conversed, though sparingly, on ordinary topics: farther than this, however, I found it hard to push my new acquaintance. He was a native of Wirtemberg, and his name was Ludwig Bernhardt. There was a mystery about him which I could not fathom. His manner was neither cold nor distant, but beyond a certain point no one could get with him. He declined every invitation to visit, and never invited any one to visit him. He kept very quiet, went to no place of amusement, and never mingled among the students. There was a large garden attached to the old stone house where Bernhardt lodged, and a lively young Frenchman, one of our company, one day ran through the hall and looked out into this garden, where he saw, as he declared, the pale student walking with a beautiful young girl. After this announcement the mystery for a time was solved; "Bernhardt was so taken up with his '*chere amie*' that for the present he cared for nothing better;" "The Wirtemberger was no fool, after all;" "The German was silent and shrewd;" and so on and so forth. For myself, I did not fall in with these generally-received explanations. There was something about that pale and saddened face, that suffering and subdued air, which was inconsistent with any of them; at least they did not satisfy me. No one had as yet got a glimpse of the fair maiden, except the young Frenchman, and he made his companions half crazy with his descriptions of her beauty. After a while, curiosity began to prevail again.—Singular to say, the girl was never seen to come to the street, either by herself or in company with her lover. Now Bernhardt might have lodged a dozen nymphs in the old stone house, and not a soul would have taken notice of it so long as things had gone on after a natural way; but when the student never walked out with his sweet-heart, never took her to the "theater," nor to the "gardens," nor to a "spectacle"—when the maid never appeared at the window, nor in the hall, nor at the little fruitmarket, where ripe cherries and strawberries, the usual accompaniments of a student's breakfast, were procured by the devoted "friend;" when, to crown the mystery, the young girl was observed one day to come to the street door, and was about passing out, when Bernhardt hurried after her, and, partly by force, partly by entreaty, urged her away; the curiosity of every one became excited, and the matter itself was a topic of general conversation and remark. Notwithstanding all this, no one, that I am aware of, said aught to the student on the subject. He was just the kind of person that no one would care to take such a liberty with. One could not but entertain a vague apprehension that by so doing one might rouse a sleeping devil which it would not be so easy to lay.

About that time, a new-comer took posses-

sion of an apartment in our house, which had been vacated a few days previous. He was from Marseilles; a tall, swarthy, black-looking creature, brawny, and muscular, a savage in appearance, with a reckless swaggering gait, a bullying air, a fierce, impudent mien. He was just the sort of fellow to domineer over the timid and the yielding, and to hide his crest in presence of true courage and resolution.—To persons of such description I generally give a "wide berth;" I would rather avoid than quarrel with them. There are no laurels to be gained in silencing a barking dog; and there is something humiliating in a conquest over a poltroon and a coward.

For this reason, I made it a point to have as little to do with Balaiguer (that was the name of the Marseillaise) as possible. Some of my comrades were particularly taken by his bold front and egregious pretensions; and with a certain class he got to be both reader and oracle. I soon discovered him to be an infamous creature. He was, besides, a miserable debauchee, and was actually doing serious injury to habits and morals among a class where habits and morals were in all conscience lax enough.

Balaiguer was not long in getting hold of the story of Bernhardt. Then he swore a vulgar oath that "he would unearth this sly fellow; he would see whether a man had a right to keep his pretty mistress shut up in a cage like a bird. He would pay the little minx a visit, and what was more,—! he would carry her off, *nolens volens*, before the little Dutchman's face and eyes."

I happened to be present at this harangue, which was made one day to a knot of students assembled in the "salle-amanger.—Balaiguer's announcement made me shudder; not that I feared for the safety of the parties threatened; but a presentiment suddenly came across me that death would be in the mess which the Marseillaise was brewing.

The next day Majendie was to lecture at eleven upon the "cause of pulsation." I had returned from my usual morning visit to the hospital, "De Notre Mere de Pitie;" where we had the privilege of "following" the celebrated Louis; and was quietly seated at my little breakfast-table, when, after a light knock, the young Frenchman, who had reconnoitred the garden across the street, entered the room. I should have mentioned that he was a Parisian, of good family, and although gay, thoughtless, and fond of a frolic, had nevertheless a nice sense of honor, coupled with real refinement of character.

"Do you know," said he, "that I feel reproached about our neighbor opposite? Here is Balaiguer, who swears that as soon as Bernhardt goes to the lecture, he will run over and make love to his mistress; now I know the *bete* will do her some violence, and it is all owing to the fooling stories I have told of my seeing her in the garden; I thought but to have some fun with my comrades; to tell you the truth, the girl was beautiful, but there was something in the looks of both that has made my heart ache ever since. Believe me, it is not as we suppose; and yet my jokes have set on this *coquin*. What shall I do?"

"You are a noble fellow," I exclaimed, involuntarily. The young Frenchman took my hand and pressed it to his heart. The impul-

sive words were appreciated. "We will step at once," said I, "to Balaiguer. He must not think of such a thing. We do not want to quarrel with him; but we ———."

"Fear nobody," interrupted the young Frenchman. "Let us go."

Accordingly, we proceeded to the apartment of the Marseillaise. It wanted but ten minutes to eleven. If I made any delay I should lose even a tolerable seat in the lecture-room; so I came at once to the point. Under other circumstances I might have been less direct.—

"Balaiguer," said I, "our friend here informs me that we are altogether on the wrong scent as to Bernhardt, and that there is nothing over the way to excite your curiosity or repay your gallantry. We hope, therefore, you will let our neighbor rest in peace."

"Bah!" said Balaiguer; at the same time putting the fore-finger of his right hand under his eye, and pulling down the lower lid, he exclaimed in a jeering tone, "*a d' autres?*"

"I suppose I understand you," I continued. "Now look you, Monsieur Balaiguer, we students love fair play. I am no informer, but I give you notice that I shall warn Bernhardt of what you would be at. Good morning."

"You could not do me a greater favor,"—shouted the Marseillaise, as the young Frenchman and I passed from the room. "Tell the Dutchman to hurry, for I shall make short work of it."

We descended to the street, hoping to see Bernhardt as he came from his room: we are too late. Our *concierge* informed us that he saw Monsieur leave his house nearly five minutes before we came down. "Hasten after him," said the young Frenchman; "I will not go to the lecture; I will remain in my room, *Mon Dieu!* I am quite nervous."

I had nearly half a mile to walk, or rather to run, for I believe I ran all the way. As I anticipated, the lecture room was crowded. The lecture had commenced for Majendie was punctual, and he had much ground to go over. A goose, which was to be dissected alive in the course of the lecture, stood upon the table, in charge of a favorite student, and as I entered, the familiar "*comprenez vous*" of the lecturer fell upon my ear. I heard nothing more. I glanced anxiously up and down, over and across the room, but could not see the object of my search.

"What the devil is the matter with you?" said my friend B——, take hold of me.

"Nothing; I want to find Bernhardt."

"There he is, away in that corner. Don't you see him?"

I took a direct course for the corner, sometimes over a student's back, sometimes over the benches, and laid my hand upon his shoulder.

"You had better go home?" I whispered in his ear.

Quick as thought the German sprang to his feet. His face became livid; his eyes startled from their sockets.

"Quick!" said I.

Bernhardt had disappeared.

I do not know how I sat out the lecture. I have some recollection of seeing the poor goose struggle, or try to struggle, and of the complacent air of the lecturer, as he mingled his "*Etendez vous!*" "*Eh bien!*" "*voyez vous,*"

with the cries of the suffering creature, while he deliberately cut away muscle, and nerve, and tendon, in the gradual illustration of his subject. But my thoughts were elsewhere. I saw in my mind Bernhardt and the Marseillaise. I pictured every conceivable catastrophe; and so engrossed did I become in this, that the first hint I had of the completion of the lecture was the general uproar consequent upon clearing the hall. I hurried out, myself, and hastened to the Rue d'Enter.

Going up the staircase I saw a few drops of blood scattered along. At that moment the young Frenchman opened the door of his room, and drew me into it. His mirthful countenance at once relieved me.

"Come in—come in!" he exclaimed; "I have been watching for you. Balaiguer has caught it!" and he began laughing immoderately.

"Don't laugh any more, for Heaven's sake, till I know what you are laughing at!"

Whereupon, in a few words, the young Frenchman informed me that very soon after I left, Balaiguer crossed over to Bernhardt's quarters; that he stationed himself at the open window to watch the other's movements; that after the lapse of some five minutes he heard a violent scream, and was about rushing across to protect the party assailed, when Bernhardt came tearing down the street like a mad-man, and ran into the house and up the stairs, and in less than a minute the Marseillaise was seen rolling from the top to the bottom; that he picked himself up and skulked back into his room, bleeding, but, as my companion feared, not much hurt.

After expressing our mutual delight at the termination of the affair, I went to my own room. I took it for granted that the matter was ended, for I knew that Balaiguer had not courage to push it farther, and I supposed that Bernhardt would rest satisfied with the chastisement he had already inflicted. I was mistaken; for in a few minutes a knock was heard at my door, and Bernhardt entered. He was pale as death; his eyes glistened with intense hate and desperation; his soul appeared harrowed by the most violent emotions; but when he spoke, his words fell slow, and were articulated naturally.

"I am under an obligation to you: for that reason I come here. I would be still deeper in your debt. Will you go for me to the *wretch* and demand immediate satisfaction? I say *immediate!*"

"Are you not carrying the matter too far?" said I, soothingly; "has he not been sufficiently punished?"

"Punished!" said Bernhardt, fiercely; "do you know what he attempted?"

I shook my head.

"Then it shall forever remain unknown.—" "Punished!"—one short minute, and I should have been too late! Hear you that? Will you act for me? Will you act now? Will you see that we meet forthwith?"

"That will depend on your adversary."

"O, I cannot wait—I will not wait!" exclaimed Bernhardt: "go! go!"

The irresistible frenzy of the student prevailed. I was taken by surprise. Quiet and peaceful as was the life I led, before I was

aware of it, I found this strange commission thrust upon me; and almost before I knew it, I was in Balaiguer's room. The Marseillaise sat smoking with a light cap upon his head, which only partly concealed some recent bruises.

"So," said the savage, "you come to have your laugh with the rest! and *you* were the tell-tale, eh?—you were the sneak!"

"We will settle these epithets by-and-by; at present another's business has a preference. You must be aware that your conduct this morning —"

"What of it?"

"Nothing, except that Bernhardt will meet you at any moment you will appear; for him, the sooner the better."

"For me the sooner the better," growled the Marseillaise.

"Who is your friend?"

"*Sacre bleu!* that remains to be seen. I will send him to you."

I went back to my room, somewhat surprised at the bold bearing of Balaiguer, for I was sure that he was a coward, until I remembered that he was an expert swordsman, and that Bernhardt once told me that he himself had little knowledge of the weapon.

In about a quarter of an hour an acquaintance called on the part of Balaiguer. As I anticipated, swords were chosen. As to time and place, the Marseillaise was quite indifferent.

There was a large hall over a billiard-room in a street near by, where many of the students were in the habit of fencing, but where, at that hour of the day, no one was likely to be seen. To this hall we agreed to repair forthwith.

I summoned Bernhardt and, accompanied by another friend, according to arrangement, we proceeded to the appointed place.

The German grew more and more excited. Never had I witnessed such an awful manifestation of human passion.

"Are you expert with the small-sword?" said I, as we went along.

"It matters not how expert I am; I shall pass my weapon through his heart!"

These words were spoken slowly and deliberately, yet the speaker was boiling with rage.

We entered the hall. Balaiguer and his friends were on the spot. Bernhardt took no notice of anything. His eyes glared more horribly than ever; a white foam gathered on his lip.

Balaiguer seemed in spirits. He was evidently delighted at the excitement of his adversary, and confident in his own skill.

The preliminaries were soon settled, (for a student's duel was no very serious affair, it rarely being a matter of life and death, generally ending in a scratch, or at most a flesh-wound,) and the parties stepped forward for the encounter.

I looked at Bernhardt with a curious eye.—His "case" was a phenomenon in physiology; for excited—nay, almost raving—as he was, I perceived that, physically, his muscles were firm; there was no tremor in a single nerve. Dubuytren himself, at the moment of commencing the most serious operation, never carried a firmer hand. When he looked his adversary

for the first time in the eye, he could scarcely contain himself.

The signal was given.

"Beast!" screamed Bernhardt, as he brought his sword awkwardly to a guard, "shall I kill you at once, or shall I do it with a 'one, two or three?' Is a moment's time worth anything to you? If so, you shall have it, for a moment saved *her*!"

Balaiguer smiled triumphantly at this new proof of his adversary's frenzied state, and made an ordinary pass, with which to commence the combat. Their swords met for the first time.

"Now for it!" said Bernhardt, "One," (a pass, parried by Balaiguer;) "two," (parried also;) "three!" The Marseillaise fell, thrust through and through!

Bernhardt looked at the dead man for an instant. "Dog!" he exclaimed; then, throwing down his sword, he clutched my arm, and clinging to it convulsively, he tottered down into the street.

I supported him to my room. He was as weak and powerless as an infant. In the course of an hour he regained sufficient strength to walk home without assistance, and extorting a promise from me to visit him the next morning, he went away.

I bolted the door of my room, and throwing myself into a chair, remained the rest of the afternoon and all the evening sitting quite alone. At length I went to bed, but I could not sleep. Which ever way I turned, the form of the Marseillaise, cold, still and stark, lay stretched out before me. The fierce whiskers, the grim moustaches, and the savage beard, curled as fierce, and as grim, and as savage as ever, as it were in mockery of the pallid features they once so gaily adorned; while close at hand, stood Bernhardt, his sword dripping with blood, the very incarnation of an exulting fiend. Not for one minute did I close my eyes the whole night; for when I attempted it, the images grew more horrible, and I was forced to open them in order to dispel the illusion.

I tried to believe the whole a dream; that I had been oppressed by a horrible night-mare. I could not realize that I had been so suddenly arrested, turned from my quiet, unobtrusive way of life, and made to participate in the death, not to say murder, of a fellow creature: it seemed as if the morning would bring some relief, and for the morning I anxiously watched.

It came at last, but I was in no haste to stir out. At length a knock at my door roused me. It was the young Frenchman, and I rose to admit him. He told me about what I feared to ask. Balaiguer was discovered early in the evening by some students who repaired to the hall to fence. They gave the alarm and the police took the matter in charge. Three students, acquaintances of the deceased, were missing (they were the two friends of Balaiguer and the young man who with me acted as friend to Bernhardt, who fearing the annoyance, if not the danger of a legal investigation, had immediately left Paris); It was understood that Balaiguer must have fallen in a duel, and it was a natural conclusion that the three who fled were his antagonist and the second of each party. So suddenly had the affair sprung up, so suddenly had it terminated, that not a soul beyond the persons present,

except the young Frenchman, who could guess the truth, knew or suspected anything relating to it. The latter now begged me to rise, and appear as if nothing had happened, and insisted that I should take my coffee with him.

I asked for Bernhardt. The young Frenchman had not seen him, but singular to say, his name had not been mentioned in connection with the tragical affair. Two strong cups of the best coffee, with the usual accompaniments of a roll, two eggs, and a plate of fruit, did much to restore the steadiness of my nerves, which had been, I admit, considerably shaken.

Recollecting my promise to visit Bernhardt, I crossed over soon after breakfast to see him.

He was standing at the door of the *conciergerie*, apparently waiting for me.

He took my hand as I came up, and inquired anxiously how I was. As for himself, his countenance had resumed its pale, saddened expression, no trace of the passions, which had been so terribly roused, appearing there.

He requested me to go with him to his room, and I willingly assented. We entered it in silence. Bernhardt pointed to a chair, and I sat down, while he took a seat near me. I glanced over the apartment. It bore traces, all around, of the presence of—woman. It was furnished with admirable taste, and ornamented with pictures, engravings and embroidery. Folding doors, which however were closed, led into another room, and with the one we were in, evidently formed a suite. I had scarcely time to finish this rapid inspection, when one of these doors opened, and—I speak considerably—the loveliest, most angelic-looking being I ever beheld, entered. Her face was as faultless as the Madonna of Correggio, her form as perfect as the Venus of Phidias, her countenance absolutely lovely and serene; her eyes were a deep hazel, and the heavy tresses of her rich brown hair, were exquisitely braided over her temples, and wreathed around the back of her head. She entered the room, and, as if unconscious of my presence, approached Bernhardt, and throwing her arms over his shoulders, pressed him fondly, while she exclaimed—"Dear, dear Ernest, have you returned at last? O! do not go out again!"

Bernhardt shrunk from the embrace as if suddenly bruised by a blow, while his countenance exhibited signs of physical pain and suffering. He rose quietly from his seat and putting his arm around the lovely intruder, led her gently back to her apartment, without any resistance on her part. As she was leaving the room, she turned her eyes casually upon me; at once a horrible suspicion darted through my brain; my heart beat violently, my knees shook together. Bernhardt closed the door and resumed his seat by me; his countenance was troubled; he looked in my face sadly, and after a while he spoke.

"I asked you to come here that I might give you the explanation to which you are entitled. Rumor and gossip have doubtless been busy with me. I care for neither, and although I have no desire for notoriety, I am indifferent to it. You have laid me under an obligation which I can never remove, and one which peremptorily demands that I should explain

all to you. I shall be brief, just as brief as the bare recital will permit. Will you listen?"

I bowed assent.

"I am a native of Württemberg. I was born in the little village of —. My father was a wealthy peasant, and I am an only child. I was brought up tenderly, and as I was said to manifest considerable wit and intelligence, my father determined to educate me. In the same village dwelt a widow lady, whose husband had been an officer of some distinction under Napoleon. Upon his death; his widow had come back to her native place, bringing with her an only child, a little daughter of some seven or eight years of age. I was then about ten. The widow's fortune was small, but sufficient for the simple habits of the place she had chosen for her home. My father had known her when a young girl, and with my mother often called at her cottage. In this way Rosalie, and I were thrown much together. Indeed, after a while we were almost inseparable. In all our sports and plays I was always Rosalie's bachelor. I used to call Rosalie my little "wife" and she called me her little "man." This was without any reflection on our part; neither of us were old enough to think seriously.

"At length the time arrived when I was to go away to school. I suppose I was twelve years old, and I took leave of Rosalie with a heavy heart. I really think at that early age I loved her. Well; years ran along. From school I went to Heidelberg. I was ambitious, I was full of energy, and my love for Rosalie preserved my boyish purity of heart. Year after year, as I visited my home, I was surprised to find in her some new grace, some new charm, some new beauty. At sixteen, she seemed to me all that could be imagined of what is lovely and beautiful. A delicious ecstasy floated through me when I felt that she would one day be mine.

"But I had a drawback to my happiness.—In spite of every effort to believe the contrary, I could not feel in my very heart that I was loved by Rosalie even, as I loved. True, she was fond of me, but it seemed rather the attachment to be felt for a protector or a brother, not the devotion of love to love.

"I nursed myself with hopes. I had never loved but Rosalie; no one but ever loved me but Rosalie; and who could expect that a young girl should show the same deep devotion that marks a powerful, manly heart? This was the way I reasoned. Rosalie, I was certain, kept nothing from me. She told me every thing. She said she loved me as well as she did her mother; ought I not to be satisfied? But when I pressed her to my heart, I felt not that electrical affinity which cements in one, hearts which are united; still I did not complain; how could I complain, when Rosalie told me I was all to her?

"I had passed three years at Heidelberg, and now went to Munich. I had determined on medicine, and prepared to follow the study with devotion. I had been at Munich nearly a year, and I yearned to come home and see Rosalie; I had stayed away longer than usual, because I wished to take a degree in my profession; then I felt that I could claim Rosalie for my wife. I did go home. Let me hasten my tale. I greeted my parents; every thing was well. I hurried to Rosalie. She was

well too. She ran out to meet me. She was delighted to see me. Never had she looked so beautiful. As we entered her mother's house together, she exclaimed—'We have a guest; a charming guest; a son of my father's dearest friend. He has been with us for a month, but must soon return to Paris, and I shall miss him so!'

"My brow grew overcast; my heart sunk. I said nothing; I believed my destiny sealed. I did not even look upon Rosalie reproachfully. How could I look reproachfully upon her?—for her soul was pure; it knew no guile; it was incapable of concealment, or coquetry, or caprice.

"Suffice it to say—for the narration is too much for me—that on entering the cottage I found a young and handsome French officer. He was, as Rosalie had said, the only child of her father's dearest friend, and had sought out the widow at his father's request. 'Hear me,' whispered Bernhardt, while he drew his chair nearer to me, 'I made friends with that young officer. With the closest observation I sifted him as wheat. I found him honorable, high-minded, good tempered, pure. I satisfied myself that Rosalie loved him, (poor child! she did not know it;) I sought an interview with Ernest de Fleury—that was his name; I pressed the secret from him, which he swore should otherwise never have been revealed, for he knew that Rosalie was my betrothed. Then I turned, and went for Rosalie. I had a long long interview with her. For Heaven's sake, let me hasten!' gasped Bernhardt, 'You—you guess the rest; guess it all. The sweet angel was sweeter than ever; but—but—I got at the truth. She protested that she would never—never give me up; those were the words, 'give me up.' That was noble, and then she pitied me; but I was not to be thwarted. I took her with me to the cottage. Ernest de Fleury was there. I joined their hands and ran out—I ran home, and—and—old as I was, I threw myself into my mother's arms and burst into tears.—O! GREAT GOD of this strange universe! what is like unto a mother's love? There I sat all of the day—all of the evening, my head pressed against the breast that had given me life and nourishment, and there, in broken sentences, amidst sobs, and tears, and groans, I told her all. And my mother—how she sympathized with every heart-pang; how tenderly did she entwine her arms around me, until at last I fell asleep upon her bosom.

"The next day I returned to Munich.

"How long I should have remained away I know not; but at the end of a twelvemonth I heard from my parents that a fearful epidemic was raging in my native village, and that they desired to see me. I went home. The village was in mourning; a malignant fever was carrying off the inhabitants. Rosalie's mother had just expired, and Rosalie herself lay sick unto death. My parents had thus far escaped.

"I went at once to Rosalie's cottage. I became her physician, attendant, nurse. I watched night and day. The fever had reached its height, the crisis had come, and Rosalie opened her eyes on the fearful morning which should decide her fate. I saw that she was saved. A grateful look of recognition beamed in her countenance. She was very weak, but the danger had passed.

"The next morning fatal news came to the

village. A letter to Rosalie's mother, now no more, announced the death of Ernest de Fleury. He had been seized with the prevailing epidemic in Paris, and had died in six hours.

"Rosalie was the first to see the letter. One glance was enough; she fell back in my arms, in violent convulsions.

"Days, and weeks, and months, I watched by her bed-side. At length her strength returned; the bloom once more freshened her cheek. I was full of hope. One morning, as I entered, she sprang up from the bed, and throwing her arms around me, she exclaimed, (as you heard her exclaim but just now,) 'Dear, dear Ernest! have you returned at last? O! do not go out again!'

"Then my cup of misery was full.—My Rosalie, Ernest's Rosalie, was—imbecile!"

Bernhardt, paused; he spoke not a word for five minutes; then he said: "You know the whole. She thinks that I am her Ernest, and she is happy in my presence. Physically, she enjoys the extreme of health; mentally, alas! she is no more! I came with her to Paris,—hoping that the change would benefit her, for Ernest lived here; but it is of no use. My prayer is that my life may be spared to outlast hers; for what will become of her when I am no more? Do you blame me for assuming the execution of the law upon that wretch? You cannot blame me. I blame not myself.

"My life is devoted to her. I honor my MAKER, who has given in CHRIST JESUS the great example of a disinterested love. Who is so selfish as to whisper to me that 'love must be mutual?' I acknowledge the devotion of woman. I know that often she dies of a broken heart; but I live broken-hearted!"

Bernhardt had finished. I took his hand and pressed it in silence and came away. The next day I left en route for Italy, accompanied by Dr. O. H. Partridge, then my fellow-student, now a distinguished physician in Philadelphia.

On our return to Paris, after a lapse of more than a year, I made inquiry for Bernhardt, and learned that, several months before, he had left the city with the unfortunate Rosalie, and had gone—no one knew whither.

SIGNS OF PROSPERITY.

FROM THE CHINESE.

Where spades grow bright, and idle swords grow dull;
Where jails are empty, and where barns are full;
Where church paths are with frequent feet outworn;
Law-court-yards weedy, silent and forlorn;
Where doctors foot it, and where farmers ride;
Where age abounds, and youth is multiplied;
Where these signs are, they clearly indicate
A happy people and well governed state.

The Jews abstain from trading during 66 days of the year, as follows, viz:—52 Saturdays; 2 days, New Year; 4 days, Passover; 1 day, Black Fast; 2 days, Pentecost; 4 days, Tabernacle; 1 day, White Fast.

Persian Astronomy.

It is thought by some, the Persians were the ancestors of the Chaldeans. Their astronomy has a prior date. They had a form of intercalation, which supposes a period of 1440 years; and by reckoning back from the time this intercalation was known to have been made, we find the date of the arrangement of the Persian calendar 3209 B. C. It is said in some of the ancient records of the Persians, that there were four stars in the four cardinal points of the heavens, and it is somewhat remarkable, that 3000 years B. C. four stars of the first magnitude, allowing for their motion in longitude, must have been thus situated.

INDIAN ASTRONOMY.

We have perhaps a better knowledge of the astronomy of the Indians than of any other ancient people. Several sets of astronomical tables have been brought from that country to Europe; from which it appears, that the longitudes of the sun and moon must have been determined by observations 3201 years B. C. As far back as the history of their astronomy can be traced, they appear to have had a knowledge of the motions of the sun, moon and planets, the obliquity of the ecliptic, the precession of the equinoxes, the revolution of the moon's node and perigee, the figure of the earth, which was supposed to be spherical, and perhaps the parallax of the moon.

CHINESE ASTRONOMY.

The only astronomical fact, to which we can refer to fix the antiquity of Chinese astronomy, is a remarkable conjunction of five planets in one constellation, said to be recorded in their annals, as having taken place about 2500 years before our era. Now it can be shown, that such a conjunction must have taken place in the year 2440 B. C., which proves that this record is not fictitious, because the Chinese have never possessed sufficient knowledge of the theory of astronomy to determine this by calculation, after it had taken place. From about this time until about 480 years B. C. astronomy was liberally patronized by the Chinese emperors; and a knowledge of the science was sure to raise its possessor to the highest offices in the empire. In the latter part of this period, several eclipses are recorded with sufficient accuracy, to form the basis of modern calculations. About 150 B. C., the Chinese had determined the obliquity of the ecliptic, which they made $23^{\circ} 39'$; and determined the places of 2500 stars by their latitude and longitude. They were, however, never remarkable for their discoveries in astronomy; and never seem to have gone much beyond that degree of knowledge, which was the common property of all ancient nations.

Every artist that goes to Rome, sends home a dozen or two of the beggars in the character of Apostles or Virgin Mary's. A sturdy old fellow who blacks boots has been painted twenty-eight times in the character of St. Paul; thirteen times as St. Peter; cannot remember how many times as "A Roman Father," and as "The Head of an Old Man," at least a thousand times. He says "his religious expressions" are worth two cents an hour more than any other man's in Rome.—*Ledger.*

The Farmer.—A Beautiful Picture.

BY HON. EDWARD EVERETT.

THE man who stands upon his own soil, who feels that by the laws of the land in which he lives—by the law of civilized nations—he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the land which he tills, is by the constitution of our nature, under a wholesome influence, not easily imbibed from any other source. He feels—other things being equal—more strongly than another the character of a man as the lord of the inanimate world. Of this great and wonderful sphere, which fashioned by the hand of God, and upheld by his power, is rolling through the heavens, a portion is his: his from the center to the sky. It is the space on which the generation before him moved in its round of duties; and he feels himself connected, by a visible link, with those who preceded him, as he is also, to those who will follow him, and to whom he is to transmit a home. Perhaps his farm has come down to him from his fathers. They have gone to their last home; but he can trace their footsteps over the scenes of his daily labors. The roof which shelters him was reared by those to whom he owes his being. Some interesting domestic tradition is connected with every enclosure. The favorite fruit tree was planted by his father's hand. He sported in his boyhood beside the brook, which still winds through the meadow. Through that field lies the path to the village school of earliest days. He still hears from his window the voice of the Sabbath bell which called his fathers and his forefathers to the house of God, and near at hand is the spot where his parents laid down to rest, and where when his time is come, he shall be laid by his children. These are the feelings of the owner of the soil. Words cannot paint them—gold cannot buy them; they flow out of the deepest fountains of the heart; they are the life-spring of a fresh, healthy, and generous national character.

A Comparison.

A prominent French journal thus compares the tours of President Napoleon and President Taylor. Its tone is anything but flattering to the would-be Emperor:—

"While M. Bonaparte, the veteran of no battle fields that we are aware of, loves to bedeck himself with fancy uniforms, set off with broad ribands of the Legion of Honor, conferred upon him in his cradle, and surrounded by Generals and aids-de-camp, the high functionaries, and the pomp and circumstance of a traveling prince, passes his reviews, is bespoken by civil, military, and religious authorities, is present at balls, and assists at dinners of ceremony; General Taylor, the conqueror of Mexico, an old soldier, grown gray in the service, clothed in modest garb, half civil and half military, prays that he may be spared all formal and gotten-up receptions. He wishes to be surrounded by the true people, not by that crowd of sycophants whose life is spent in rendering homage to all the men who successively arrive at power. He takes no suite along with him. Col. Bliss, his son-in-law, Col. Eaton, and a single servant, form his whole cortege. Citizen, General, or President—it is ever the same man—the American Cincinnatus."

A Gentleman.

Show me the man who can quit the brilliant society of the young to listen to the kindly voice of age—who can hold cheerful converse with one whom years have deprived of her charms—show me the man who is as willing to help the deformed who stand in need of help, as if the blush of Helen mantled on her cheek—show me the man who would no more look rudely at the poor girl in the village, than at the elegant and well dressed lady in the saloon—show me the man who treats unprotected maidenhood as he would the heiress, surrounded by the powerful protection of rank, riches and family—show me the man who would abhor the libertine's gibe, who shuns as a blasphemer the traducer of his mother's sex—who scorns as he would a coward the ridiculer of woman's foibles, or the exposé of womanly reputation—show me that man who never forgets for an instant the delicacy, the respect that is due to woman as woman in any condition or class—show me such a man and you shall show me a gentleman—nay, you shall show me better, you shall show me a true Christian.—*Giles.*

How to bear Illnatured Criticism.

The main comfort, under injurious comments of any kind, is to look at them fairly accept them as an evil, and calculate the extent of the mischief. These injurious comments seldom blacken all creation for you. A humorous friend of mine, who suffered some time ago under a severe article in the first newspaper in the world, tells me that it was a very painful sensation for the first day, and that he thought all eyes were upon him, (he being a retired, quiet, fastidious person;) but, going into his nursery and finding his children were the same to him as usual, and then walking out with his dogs and observing that they frolicked about him as they were wont to do, he began to discover that there was happily a public very near and dear to him, in which even the articles of the *Times* could make no impression. The next day my poor friend, who, by the way, was firmly convinced that he was right in the matter in controversy, had become quite himself again. Indeed, he snapped his fingers at the leading articles, and said he wished people would write more of them against him.—*Friends in Council.*

Withers turned and looked in Sophia's face; her countenance was serene, cheerful, kindly,—what could be the reason? he was at a loss to account for it; yet he felt the shadow and the weight lifting from his own heart, passing from his own brain. Love, charity, the very sun of the moral atmosphere, when it shines out, how the vapors are lifted, how the clouds disperse, how all nature rises and smiles in its beams.

Tell not of your prosperity, because it will make two men mad, to one glad; nor of your adversity, for it will make two men glad, to one sad.

Clarified honey, applied on a linen rag, is said to cure the pain of a burn as if by magic.

HUNGARY.

THE CATASTROPHE AT VILLAGOS—KOSSUTH'S RESIGNATION.

The *Tribune* translates the following from the *Berlin National Zeitung*:

The news of the disaster to the Southern army reached Arad on the 10th of August;—the streets were filled with fugitives who had thrown away their arms, and sought safety in the walls of the fortress. Nevertheless, officials, civil and military commissioners, the wives of the revolutionary chiefs, and merchants, sought refuge in the little city against the Russians on one side, and the advancing army of Haynau on the other. The confusion was without end, and even among the regular troops quartered in Arad, loosened the band of discipline. A great part of the deputies disappeared in the night of the 10th, and fled in disguise. Only the most decided and most honorable remained. Kossuth seemed to foresee the catastrophe; he walked thoughtfully up and down the streets, and with the greatest calmness took all the measures demanded by the situation, and did not omit to provide for the most unfortunate eventualities. His only hope rested on aid from Gorgey, for the Southern army had fallen into a state of dissolution after the battle of Temesvar. The Polish legion,—which alone had fought bravely and had suffered immensely—was the only corpse still ready for battle and in perfect discipline.

Gorgey arrived at Arad in the night, and at 11 in the morning of the 11th, had an interview with Kossuth. The conversation of the two first men of the Hungarian war of Independence, could not be either a cheerful or a friendly one, however important and dramatic it may appear in history. The relation between them had long been on the verge of a rupture, and when Kossuth reproached Gorgey with having brought danger and ruin on the country by his individual operations, the latter laid on the Governor the blame of many measures to which he ascribed the unlucky issue of the conflict. In the very first conversation Gorgey declared that in the present state of the forces, and especially of the Southern army, any further contest was impossible, and could only be a massacre, a flight. Including his whole corps there were not more than 35,000 regular troops capable of fighting, to be led into battle, while the enemy, who was coming upon three sides, had 150,000. The prosecution of the war must be useless and consequently inexcusable towards the country. He had fought till the last moment in the hope of seeing a respectable force collected by a junction with the army of Bem and the South army. But he had found only confusion, dissolution and demoralization among the troops. Accordingly as a good patriot, he was for capitulating on the best possible terms.

Kossuth was not of the same opinion, and proposed in the Council of war which followed this conversation, the appointment of Bem as Commander in Chief "since Gorgey despaired of saving the country." Kossuth's motion did not prevail, and this was the cause which induced him at once to resign his authority into the hands of Gorgey, "because he only ought to rule who possessed the confidence of the majority." Gorgey was then

named dictator. Kossuth then saw the turn things must take. For him there was no longer a place in Arad. In the afternoon he left the city to take leave of his old mother, who was staying at Rodna, in the vicinity. Here at the last moment he opposed to her tears the consolatory assurance that as far as the overwhelming power of the allied forces, the indifference of all the States of Europe and the bad state of the Hungarian forces would permit, Gorgey would do the utmost to save the honor of the Magyar nation.

Toward evening he returned to the city, and at once left it again in the company of Szemere, Brothy and Ashbot. On the morning of the 12th, his departure and the announcement that Gorgey was dictator were read at the same time, on the corner of the streets. The fate of Hungary was decided by Kossuth's resignation, for he was the spirit in the body of the Hungarian nation, struggling for Freedom and Independence. Kossuth and Independent Hungary had long been identical ideas.

On the 11th and 12th, Gorgey held a prolonged conference with the other generals of his corps, the other general officers who were present, and the remaining members of the Parliament. The majority decided that the continuance of the war would be fruitless and ruinous. At the same time the Dictator was negotiating with Rudiger and Paskiewitch for a capitulation. At first he demanded an unlimited amnesty for all who were compromised in the war of independence, but when he found he could not obtain this general concession, he accepted, on the 12th, the secret conditions offered by the Prince of Warsaw, and laid down his arms at Villagos on the 13th. He put himself at the disposition of Gen. Rudiger. But Kossuth left the "land of the warriors of Arad," to remain a second Rakoczy in the hearts, the history and the traditions of his people.

Beauty.

No woman can be handsome by the force of feature alone, any more than she can be witty only by the help of speech. Nor is she capable of being beautiful who is not *incapable* of being *false*. It is methinks, a low and degrading idea of that sex, which was created to refine the joys and soften the cares of humanity, by the most agreeable participation, to consider them merely objects of sight.—She who takes no care to add to the natural graces of her person any excellent qualities, may be allowed still to amuse as a picture, but not to triumph as a beauty. Adam, in relating to the angel the impressions he felt in seeing Eve, at her first creation, does not represent her as as a Grecian Venus, by her shape or features, but by the lustre of her mind, which shone in them and gave them the power of charming.—*Steele*.

A late number of *Punch* has an illustration representing a fashionable angler reading and smoking by the side of a brook. His rod is maintained in proper position by a crooked stick, and his line hangs over the water. The enthusiastic gentleman says—"What a bore! Just like my luck! No sooner have I got my tackle ready and settled down to a book, than there comes a confounded bite!"

The Island of Atlantis.

The Rev. Dr. Hawkes has delivered a lecture in New Orleans, on the "Antiquities and Settlement of America," in which he argues that the celebrated Island of Atlantis was not "a fabulous land, as is deemed by many, but had an existence, and probably from the vastness of its proportions, as described by ancient authors, was a continent, the eastern extremities of which were the Canaries, the Azores, and the British Islands; that, by some convulsion of nature, this immense body of land was submerged to the western confines of the Atlantic Ocean; that the Pacific has taken the place of a portion of this continent; and that the Western continent approaching thus near at a remote period to Europe and Asia, was colonised from both.

Napoleon's Simple Habits.

He thus disposed of crowns and surrounded himself with royal pomp, was simple and economical in his habits, and his personal expenses were trifling. He dressed in the morning for the whole day, despatched his breakfast in a few minutes, and then worked frequently to six in the evening. He dined alone with the Empress, except on Sundays, when all the royal family were invited; and on Wednesdays, when the ministers met in council and dined with him, he had only one course at dinner, followed by the dessert, and he drank little wine, and even that generally mixed with water. Fifteen to twenty minutes were all he took for dinner, and as his stomach was not overloaded and his head was clear, he was fit for work immediately. He continued his labors after dinner, and seldom put off any thing to the next day. He slept well at night, as calm and as sound as a child. His constitution, naturally good, and his great temperance, enabled him to undergo an enormous quantity of labor. His industrious life was only diversified by occasional visits to the theatre, or by riding or hunting in fine weather. He looked after household expenses most strictly. There was neither waste nor parsimony. He was an economist because he loved order; and he saved, not because he was fond of money, but in order to expend liberally on fit objects; and he did expend his savings liberally and nobly.

A Singular Fish.

There was caught in the waters of Sandy river, in this county, a few days ago, one of the most singular fishes perhaps on record. The fish, from the mouth to the end of the tail is something near 24 inches in length,—but what is most remarkable, from the mouth projects a bill, similar to a duck's, that measures 14 inches, or over half the length of its body and tail. It has six rows of gills on each side of the swallow, and its eyes are quite diminutive and placed nearly in its mouth. The head (or bill) of this strange fish can be seen by calling at our office.—*Jeffersonville, Va., Democrat*.

The editor of an exchange says he never saw but one ghost, and that was the ghost of a sinner who died without paying for his paper.

THE LITERARY UNION.

SYRACUSE:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1849.

A stout heart, a clear conscience, and never despair!

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Local Agents.

N. Y. CITY, *Dexter & Brother*.
 SYRACUSE, *W. L. Palmer*; office between the west doors
 of the Syracuse House.
 ALBANY, *Thomas Clark*.

Advertising Agent.

V. B. Palmer; offices in New York, Philadelphia, Boston
 and Baltimore.

Back Numbers.

Files of Vol. I. can still be obtained. As an inducement to
 new subscribers, the volume complete will be furnished such at
fifty cents;—just half price.
 Attention is invited to the very liberal terms to Clubs,
 in our Prospectus.

50 Agents Wanted

To canvass, to whom the most liberal inducements will be
 given.

To Teachers & Trustees.

The Editors of this paper propose to act as *gratuitous agents*
 in procuring situations for Teachers and Teachers for situations.
 They will also furnish plans for school houses to those in-
 tending to build.

To Correspondents.

B. E. P. 'Thy First Grey Hair' is on file. All
 such favors are welcome; the proposed articles on
 Canada will be peculiarly so.

The author of the sketch which we have entitl-
 ed 'The Blind,' is assured that her contributions
 will be highly acceptable.

'Chalkings from a Blackboard' is on file.

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.

The Programs for Thursday and Friday were
 similar to the preceding ones.

Wednesday evening, from seven to eight o'clock,
 was occupied with the continued discussion of the
 subject of School Classification. It was then laid
 over, and the Institute listened to a lecture from
 Hon. SALEM TOWN, abounding with those large
 and kindly sentiments which distinguish that emi-
 nent and indefatigable friend of Education.

On Thursday evening, from seven to eight o'-
 clock, Mr. Town gave a most interesting oral Lec-
 ture on Astronomy, illustrated by Mattison's As-
 tronomical Charts. The regular Lecture of the
 evening succeeded, by Rev. S. J. MAY. In treat-
 ing his subject, *Language*, the lecturer showed an
 intimate acquaintance with its general principles,
 and succeeded fully in demonstrating their import-
 ance. The amount of rare facts and illustrations
 introduced, must have cost much research, and
 was far too large for just appreciation in a single
 hearing; we therefore trust that it will be given
 in some printed shape to the public, as a study.

On Friday evening, the discussion of School
 Classification was resumed at seven o'clock. The
 general and scientific system practiced in the best
 eastern schools, and in some in this city, was ex-
 plained and supported by most of the speakers,
 each evening. Only two gentlemen opposed it,
 and of these, but one produced arguments. At the
 close of the debate, the following resolution was
 unanimously adopted.

Whereas, The system of general classification,
 as practiced in our best eastern schools, is calcula-
 ted to establish a harmonious uniformity, fulfilling
 the first great law,—ORDER; to operate as a strong
 incentive to study; to promote regularity of at-
 tendance; and to produce a more thorough and

systematic development of all the faculties; there-
 fore,

Resolved,—That we do recommend its universal
 adoption in our schools.

Succeeding this, was a Lecture on *Free Schools*,
 by CHAS. B. SEDGWICK, Esq. It was decidedly
 the strongest effort, on this subject to which we
 ever listened. The necessity for a free system of
 universal education, was shown with great clear-
 ness; and the selfishness and unchristian bigotry
 of those who would devote the mass of humanity
 to ignorance and misery and sin, through mistaken
 parsimony or narrow jealousy, denounced in terms
 of just indignation. The lecturer was evidently in-
 spired by his subject, and casting aside all lesser
 considerations, spoke with the eloquence and feel-
 ing of a true MAN. He was assured of the sym-
 pathy he had kindled in his audience, by the most
 lively manifestations of interest; and he retired
 from the stand amidst loud applause.

At the close of the Lecture, a Committee, con-
 sisting of Rev. S. J. MAY, E. W. CURTIS, and R. R.
 STETSON, were appointed to request a copy for pub-
 lication in *The Literary Union*, and to provide a
 large edition for general circulation.

The forenoon of Saturday was occupied with
 business. Among other things, was the adoption
 of text-books (we intend to give a list of these);
 the change of the Constitution and adoption of By-
 Laws, providing for an annual Spring Session of
 two weeks, instead of the semi-annual session of
 one week, as heretofore; and the acceptance of
 the reports of the Standing Committees.

Votes of thanks were passed as follows: to Hon.
 SALEM TOWN, LOWELL MASON, REV. THEODORE
 PARKER, WM. F. PHELPS, T. H. BOWEN, REV. S.
 J. MAY, and CHAS. B. SEDGWICK, Esq., for their
 assistance as teachers or lecturers; to the Common
 Council for the use of Market Hall; and to the
 city papers for publishing the notices.

The Business Committee having declined mak-
 ing the customary nomination of officers, an in-
 dependent balloting took place with the following re-
 sult:

President, E. W. CURTIS.

1st Vice-President, GEO. D. REYNOLDS.

2d Vice-President, E. L. NEWMAN.

Corresponding Secretary, J. M. WINCHELL.

Recording Secretary, J. B. BRIGHAM.

Treasurer, LEWIS CORNELL.

Text Book Committee, W. W. NEWMAN, JAMES
 JOHNSON, H. G. MCGONIGAL, Miss A. BRAD-
 BURY, and Miss E. C. PALMER.

The following committees were appointed, on
 motion, by the President:—

On Revising the Constitution and By-Laws, J.
 M. WINCHELL, R. R. STETSON, and J. B. BRIG-
 HAM.

On Finance, D. C. ALLEN, GEO. N. HARRIS, and
 A. W. BINGHAM.

The Institute then adjourned to the second Mon-
 day in April next.

Though the commencement of the present ses-
 sion was attended by the most discouraging circum-
 stances, yet the number of members, and the in-
 terest, steadily increased till its close. In general
 harmony of feeling, it has never been surpassed.
 And in view of the prospective arrangements, we
 sincerely believe that there is a full intention on the
 part of all, to make the future terms much more
 efficient than any of their predecessors. Nor do
 we doubt the ability to do this. Therefore, we look
 forward with great interest to the spring session, in
 the hope that our former experience has furnished
 hints that will insure for it a more thorough system
 of instruction than we have ever before enjoyed.

The Free School Law.

As the time approaches when the PEOPLE of
 New York are to decide at the ballot box whether
 education shall hereafter be bought by the six-
 penceworth, or taken as a right, all should seek
 knowledge on the merits of the question. Among
 educational men, indeed—all who have devoted at-
 tention to the subject doubts have long since vanish-
 ed. The counsels of judgment, philanthropy, reli-
 gion, are sustained by the lessons of experience;
 and all men who have looked thoughtfully at the
 Free School System of Massachusetts, are united in
 the wish to see similar blessings extended. It needs
 only to compare—or, rather, to contrast—the pu-
 pils of these schools, where morality, intelligence,
 piety—in short, all the elements of good citizen-
 ship, are proverbial, with the ignorant masses who
 have grown up in other parts of the world, desti-
 tute of such advantages,—to bring to our minds
 with renewed faith, the inspired maxim, 'Train up
 a child in the way he should go, and when he is old
 he will not depart from it,' and incite us to renew-
 ed effort in a cause so important and holy.

Yet in the face of these things, there are many
 good men who will oppose the movement as far as
 they dare. We say *dare*, for there is a majesty in
 any true movement of progress which more or less
 awes the minds of good men, and disarms their er-
 rors. Evil men, there will be in abundance, who,
 instigated by bad passions of diverse sorts, will
 strain, to the utmost, their energies in preventing
 the reform. Against such we must do battle. But
 the good men, who ignorantly uphold error and de-
 nounce truth—these, we must convince. Not by
 any labored arguments of our own, but by inducing
 them, if possible, to *examine*; to lay aside preju-
 dice for a season and investigate without bias. And
 all who have investigated, know that inquiry, prose-
 cuted in such a spirit, can lead to but one result; and
 that, a conviction of the necessity of *free education*
 to a free people; to the spiritual improvement of
 the race.

The proposed School-law upon which the people
 are to vote in November, is not perfect, it is true;
 it has serious faults. But, with all these, we think
 it can be shown that it is vastly better than none.
 If this can be shown, let it be. Let the friends of
 education emulate the activity of political partisans;
 let them organize efforts, disseminate information,
 awaken interest; this done, the ballot will be a
 rational one, and its result just.

These hasty remarks are made as the thoughts
 occur to us, without any attempt at argument or
 effect, and to call the attention of our readers to the
 subject. We have that in store which, we trust,
 will accomplish quite another work.

We would call attention to the Advertise-
 ment of Hawley, Fuller & Co., in another column.
 The Mathematical series of Prof. PERKINS, is prob-
 ably unequalled in its comprehensiveness, clearness,
 and adaptation to the schools for which it is design-
 ed.

By an oversight, last week, a portion of our
 matter was left unrevised till some hundreds of the
 paper were worked off; thus occasioning some bad
 errors in a part of the edition. As a remarkable
 circumstance, we beg leave to state that the fault
 did not rest with the compositor!

Phrenology.

Mr. L. N. FOWLER, the celebrated Phrenologist,
 is about commencing a course of Lectures in Os-
 wego, after which he contemplates visiting Syra-
 cuse on a like errand.

Correspondence.

NOTES ON THE ROAD.

Messrs. WINCHELL & JOHNNOT :

To a denizen of the city, a trip out of town, even though brief and unimportant, affords variety and interest. Let me give you an account of mine.

Taking stage eastward at Syracuse, I soon found myself snugly situated with a load of some sixteen passengers, including six in their infancy, a part not having yet escaped that musical age called the *squalling period*. As the *super cargoes* were deposited, some uneasiness was manifested by the "old settlers," who had calculated on plenty of sea room and comfortable quarters.

One lady, having three of the juveniles in ownership and charge, remonstrated with the driver, who replied that her companions did not count on the stage bill of fare and gravely hinted the impropriety of her incurring such extended responsibilities. But squalling was nothing compared to a sudden and dangerous case of *infantum vomito*, if that be the right name, which severely affected, not only the diseased, but also the habiliments of several neighbors. The driver was imploringly appealed to, the stage stopped, and soon matters were adjusted as comfortably as circumstances would permit. Then, "all aboard."

After these practical eulogies on domestic felicity and connubial bliss, we soon arrived at Fayetteville, once known "as the village of four taverns, but no meeting house." Near this place is the canal for conveying the water of Limestone Creek, including a reservoir and beautiful, artificial island; but this work, instead of being valuable, will probably prove the grave of its projectors' hopes and of very large sums of money. Leaving the crowd at home, at Manlius I gladly escaped the worse crowd of the coach, and rested awhile in this well-known village. Only ten miles from Syracuse, and on a stream which furnishes but little water power, this place will be fortunate if its population, and wealth, and reputation continue undiminished. But with such names as Azariah Smith, Nicholas P. Randall, Joshua V. H. Clark, Doctor Taylor, and Judge Edwards to honor it, we can scarcely ask for numbers or wealth to make it important and memorable. It is mental and moral worth which confers true honor,—not physical importance or advantages. Finding a better means of conveyance, I proceeded to the lovely and thriving village of Cazenovia.

From the high ground near the boundary line of Onondaga and Madison counties, are some of the best views in the world. Far up the Limestone Creek may be seen a towering spire from the village of Delphi, which appears surrounded by lofty and forest-covered hills. It recalls to mind the Delphi of old, and the oracle of Apollo; and perhaps this too may be the home of some Sir Oracle of wonderful pretensions and power.

Farther down the widened valley is adorned with velvet-like, turf-covered fields, on almost every one of which the scattered maples of later growth remain, giving variety and beauty to the landscape. Curving to the westward, the valley widens into a broad and luxuriant plain which embraces much of the town of Manlius, and, at last, it is lost amid the level region farther north.

Onondaga County has five of these beautiful and fertile valleys. The first, beginning east, is watered and drained by the Limestone Creek, the next by the Butternut, the third by the Onondaga, the fourth and fifth by the lovely lakes Otisco and Skaneateles and their outlets. The Onondaga, in the

center, has thus two sister valleys on the east and two on the west. Had the Onondaga, Butternut, and Limestone valleys been elevated at some northern point, as were those of Otisco and Skaneateles, we should have had five parallel lakes instead of two—but some of the wealthy farmers therein we presume would not relish that idea at all—it must have proved such a waste of first-rate land! What a loss on this score was the filling up of the bed of the Pacific! A fine farming country, doubtless, down there!

From the same elevated point of sight, Cazenovia lake and village, and the fine grazing region around need only to be seen to be admired, and eulogized, and never forgotten. This lake is larger than Otisco and is surrounded by a finer country; and Cazenovia is one of the most dignified, cheerful, and business-like villages anywhere to be found. The Linklaen mansion, at the foot of the lake, built by the good old German pioneer, is on a scale of European dignity; and, perhaps, is unequalled in Central New York. There are other splendid situations here, and the main street, running north and south, is, for more than a mile, adorned by luxuriant maples, and as cozy and pleasant residences as one could well desire. Few villages, and not all cities, can boast of as much wealth or physical advancement as Cazenovia. It is also the seat of the Oneida Conference Seminary—a large, flourishing, and venerable institution, scarcely inferior to some of our well known colleges. In the evening I passed by its lamp-light windows, where scores of youth were consuming, at that time, the *evening oil*; and thus recalled to mind similar scenes in my own by-gone days. It was here that circumstances made me acquainted with Dr. Foord, whose Pectoral Syrup for diseases of the lungs, and Tonic Cordial for diseases of the stomach, are beginning to obtain a very general and profitable patronage. Holding advertized remedies and their authors in utter detestation, I was pleasantly surprised at the gentlemanly, conscientious, and intelligent characteristics of Dr. Foord. I afterwards learned that he had been a regular and successful practitioner, was a highly esteemed citizen, and as his remedies each profess to cure but one class of diseases, I am inclined, from some information since obtained, to believe that Dr. Foord is not one of those quack advertisers who luxuriate in wealth from the sale of miscalled universal remedies. The Dr. has thought some of locating in Syracuse, as a more central point for carrying on his operations.

Taking the coach, I rode, the next day, to the somewhat celebrated Chittenango Sulphur Springs, and thence by R. R. to Syracuse. The ride from Cazenovia to Chittenango is a luxury indeed.—From the outlet of the lake to the canal, the fall is said to be 800 feet, and the old road seldom ventured into the deep gulf through which flows the Chittenango creek. But a plank road company, at an expense of about \$20,000, have excavated along the steep sides of this gulf, amid huge and closely packed boulders, and often in solid rock, an excellent roadway; and much of the distance the overhanging branches of forest trees almost shake hands with the traveler as he swiftly glides along. At one point, where of course we were obliged to make a circuit, the creek leaps over a limestone ledge about one hundred feet and the frequent cascades, often embowered with trees, form scenes of singular wildness and beauty. Perhaps half way down, is the Sulphur Spring that has this season attracted so much attention. It pours out from the rocks in a copious stream. I have often drunk of sulphur and other mineral springs, from Saratoga and Ballston downwards; but never have found any so

pleasant as this; and, from appearances, it has a commendable degree of mineral strength, and will become a place of fashionable and frequent resort. Mr. Henry, formerly of the publishing and book-selling Cazenovia firm of Henry, Hitchcock & Co., has become an equal partner with the present proprietor, and they intend to build and make extensive arrangements for the coming season.

Below, in the low ground, is another valuable spring, and farther down is the business-sort-of village called Chittenango. On one of the eminences is the house of the late Mr. Yates, once one of the wealthiest men and greatest operators in the Empire State, and on the opposite side of the creek are the relics of a projected R. R. up the hills towards Cazenovia—one of his unsuccessful operations.

Soon on the cars, and almost as soon in the Empire city, I will furthermore only say, that those who next season visit the Springs will lose at least half of the proffered pleasures by not taking the circular route, the entire passage expense of which, from Syracuse, is less than two dollars, and by which they can continually see and learn something new.

VIATOR.

Sept. '49. En route for ———.

Political.

No Neutrality—no Partisanship.

The following article was selected and put in type some time ago, for our *Political* department; so we now give it just as it would have come in under the old arrangement.—Eds. *Lit. Union*.

International Copyright.

If any kind of property be more sacred than the rest, it is not patrimonial wealth, which, after all, is but an accident of an accident; nor is it even those hard-earned treasures accumulated by the industry of man, for this is with jealousy protected by the law—but it is that property which man creates from his own stock of mental powers; it is the reflection of the noblest portion of his being—in one word it is *literary* property.

The historian, who has spent years in gleaning from recondite sources the origin of past events, whose comprehensive mind, soaring above details, has grasped their "ensemble" and moulded them into one vast whole, is deserving, at least for a time, of some pecuniary tribute from those who peruse his pages. The novelist, who studies human nature in its numerous samples, and whose vivid imagination embodies his observations in a general picture, whose features and colors are those of Nature reflected in the mirror of his own peculiar mind, must likewise deserve to be repaid for the recreation he affords.

But must not pecuniary reward be eminently due to the man of science who laboriously rears up a structure by which the boundaries of knowledge are extended, who teaches us to read an additional syllable of those laws written in the creation, thus enriching us with positive truths, all useful in different degrees? The man of science is generally poor, and his works can only interest the few who pursue the same unfrequented track of human investigation. Is not this an additional reason for his need of reward? There is, however, a nation on the other side of the Atlantic, not of his opinion. It does not consider literary property as sacred, but even by its laws encourages to the best of its power the practical propensities of its citizens.

We have been induced to make a few observations on American piracy in another part of the present *Lancet*, where our readers will find noticed a work by a certain ———, of New York; and we refer our readers to that notice for a sample or two of a practice which we universally condemn.

We do not think it necessary to prove to any man who can string a few thoughts together, and give them durability by his pen, that the right of property in published works is, more than any other, easily deduced from the first principles of justice. It is a part of the writer—it is his offspring. It was conceived one day, incubated for a time, has been brought forth with all the pangs of literary labor, and with much difficulty pushed into the world to bear the name and reflect the personality of its originator.

And what does Jonathan do but deliberately hand over to the black flag whatever offspring of genius he may find on the highway of nations?—An author may have spent a fortune in bringing out a work, he may have grown grey under his arduous task, and therefore may naturally wish to make some arrangement for his copyright in America. But Jonathan laughs at the idea; and soon after the author's book is published in England, any one in America (we speak professionally) has the liberty of setting it in type, and of selling it for the cost of paper—unless, indeed, (and we remind writers for their own benefit,) the author takes the unusual precaution of procuring an American partner who will contribute some portion of the work.

The tender mercies of American legislators to the productions of the brains of foreign authors is sufficiently shown by the tariff of 1846, by which an *ad valorem* duty of ten per cent. is placed upon all books, magazines, pamphlets, and papers, bound and unbound.

It would promote an universal interchange of knowledge were there an uniform protection held out to those who advance human knowledge by the medium of their literary endeavors. Far otherwise, however, stands the law in the United States with respect to authorship, and the non-regard of international copyright has there already been fertile in producing retributive justice. The widely spread system of republication of European works has so enervated the literary genius of the people, that few and far between are the productions of the American press, destined hereafter to rank side by side with the best European authors. Such, also, is the haste evinced in the United States to republish our medical works, and to outrun some competitor in the race of piracy, that errors calculated to lead to important misconceptions are often left uncorrected.

Supposing that there springs up in the New World a man of genius, able to achieve a work which might give immortality to his name and that of his country, what American bookseller will pay him a reasonable copyright, when, without a farthing expense, he can republish the popular British authors upon the same subject? The Americans literally snatch the pen from their native authors, and put an extinguisher over their own talent. No doubt a nation must have its own mode of thinking as well as its own method of fighting, and when one nation passively defers to the genius of another, it must eventually succumb.—The literature of a nation is no mean engine of its political power. If not, then, for the sake of justice, at least for national honor and strength, let the Americans protect their own authors by protecting ours. They may point to the number of

stars glittering on their flag—they may talk of their 17,000,000 citizens—they may boast of "extending the area of freedom,"—but so long as they can scourge the human flesh they buy and sell—so long as they can borrow, repudiate, and laugh, behind the Atlantic, at those they have reduced to beggary—so long as their laws are expressly framed to encourage the robbery of the most sacred description of property among civilized men, occasion is but too well afforded for one of the greatest of modern philosophers, Count JOSEPH DE MAISTRE, to say that "they are not a nation, but a collection of pedlars, bound together for commercial interests," defrauding those to whom they owe their existence, their literature, their creed, and even the popular institutions of which they are so proud.—*London Lancet*.

Literary.

NOTICES.

THE HISTORY OF PENDENNIS. *New York: Harper & Brothers.*

The 3d No. is just received. We have not read it yet, and cannot therefore compare it with its predecessors; that is a pleasure yet in store. To be had at HALL'S.

THE ARTIST'S MARRIED LIFE; *being that of Albert Durer. Translated from the German of Leopold Schefer, by Mrs. J. R. Stoddart. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe & Co.*

This is a singular book; full of mysticism of style and sentiment; a German idealization of certain cold and hard realities.

The Translatress has succeeded admirably in giving these features; one might fancy it the original itself, as far as its national peculiarities are concerned. Therefore, all fond of this sort of thing will buy the book and be pleased with it; those unacquainted with it, cannot well find a truer or more interesting specimen.

THE AMERICAN READERS; *embracing the First, Second and Third Reading Books, for Schools. Prepared by a Committee of the American Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. New York: Leavitt, Trow & Co. 1849.*

These three books are before us, with the accompanying Speller, and have undergone a very hasty and superficial examination.

At this time, when there are so many excellent systems of Reading Books before the public, it is a matter of great difficulty to decide on their comparative merits. Nor is it necessary for us, as journalists, to do so. We shall therefore content ourselves with stating, as we have done with reference to others, the principal features that we have noticed.

First, then, as first seen, we mention the excellence of type, paper and binding; all going to form a most elegant and durable book.

The matter, so far as we know, is of an excellent character, embracing some of the best literature in the language, though *not very new*. While glancing over the pages of the Third Book, and feeling a pleasure in reading such titles as 'Westminster Abbey,' by Irving; 'Monsieur de Mirroir,' by Hawthorne; 'Warren Hastings,' by Macaulay; 'Genevieve,' by Coleridge; 'God,' by Derzhavin; 'Woman,' by Wordsworth; 'Astronomical Science,' by Dick; 'Ursa Major,' by

Ware; 'The Morning Hymn' from *Paradise Lost*; Gray's 'Elegy;' and those of many other standard pieces—even while our imagination kindled at the bare thought of these, we could but regret that a new, American book, did not contain more new, American articles, mingled with them.

Again, we are surprised to find no exercises in spelling or definition, except a few in the first part of the First Book. We think this a defect; for no effort at *naturalness* can justify a neglect of definition. Till our schools become supplied with dictionaries and works on analysis, we must have a beginning made in the Reader itself. We gather, to be sure, that a Definer is intended to accompany this series, but have seen nothing of it.

More we cannot say at present; but, meantime, invite teachers to examine the Series, being satisfied that they will find much therein to please them. The Speller we shall notice separately.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, for September.

This No., for which we have waited with great impatience, has reached us just in time to enable us to transcribe its Table of Contents, as follows:

Men of Genius, Part III.—*Burr*.
Duties and Discipline of the Scholar.—*Greeley*.
Burke and Paine compared.—*Fox*.
Cuba and Canada.—*Cora Montgomery*.
Guizot and the Democracy of France.—*Irondequoit*.

Cora Montgomery, (with a portrait).
Prospects of General Taylor's Administration.
Mr. Patterson's Address.
Aerial Navigation.
The Popular Press.
The Nineteenth Century.

POETRY—

The Moonlight Dell.—*Burr*.
Fairy Glen.—*Knowlton*.
Memories of Childhood.—*Burr*.
Give us Light.—*Rice*.
Night.—*Anderson*.
Tennyson's 'Age of Irreverence,' with two answers, by *Enna Duval* and *Welsh*.
B. R. Peck & Co. are Agents for Syracuse.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 28,

Is more than usually good. Reprints of the articles in *Blackwood* on Chateaubriand and Lady Grange's wonderful story, with the first chapter of a new tale by John Wilmer, entitled, 'The Modern Vassal,' a feeling sketch by the Countess D'Arbouville, and the best of the English leaders on European politics, form a treat such as is rarely met. For sale at Palmer's.

ECLECTIC MEDICAL AND SURGICAL JOURNAL, for September.

This No. does not reach us in time for a critical notice, but from glancing over the contents, we believe it will not disappoint the hopes excited by its predecessors.

Published at Syracuse, by the State Eclectic Medical Society, at \$1.00 per annum; S. H. PORTER, M. D., Editor.

THE WEEKLY DIARY. *A Journal devoted to the Laboring Classes, Literature, and General Intelligence.*

The first No. of this new paper, edited and published at Hartford, Ct., by Benj. E. Hill, appears before us in a truly attractive form. The contents, too, are of an exceedingly creditable character, and we see no reason why, at the low price of \$1.00 a year, it should not succeed.

INTELLIGENCE.

The poets are in luck. Rufus Dawes, the poet and Swedenborg divine, has just got a little place of a thousand a year. Charles Fénno Hoffman has a nice little berth of twelve hundred dollars. Charles Lanman, the poet, painter, and fisherman, in addition to a bride with a dowry, has the comfortable post of Librarian to the War Department, and Mr. Fitzgerald Tasistro and others have also been successful in getting a little of the rich milk of the Treasury. Nor should we be surprised if Cullen Bryant, Fitz-Greene Halleck, N. P. Willis, G. P. Morris, and Horace Greeley, were all provided with clerkships in the Home Department.—*Herald*.

A GREAT LITERARY ENTERPRISE.—It will be seen, by reference to the advertisement, that Messrs. Hewitt, Tillotson & Co., 59 Beekman street, announce the first volume of the Abbotsford Pictorial edition of the Waverly Novels—Ivanhoe. These volumes are to be embellished with beautiful tinted embellishments, and got up in a style of elegance hitherto rarely witnessed here. The name of Mr. Hewitt, whose name is associated with a splendid edition of "Shakspeare Illustrated," and other similar works of high merit, is a guarantee for the excellence of the forthcoming work.—*Mirror*.

Miss Frederika Bremer arrived in New York by the steamer Canada, on Thursday, and took lodgings at the Astor House.

A mass of the private correspondence of Calvin, of the very highest literary and historical value, has been discovered by a gentleman engaged in one of the public colleges of France, and is about to be given to the world.

News.

Carefully condensed for the Literary Union.

FOREIGN.

By the Steamship Canada.

England.

A correspondence has arisen between Mr. Hume, Chairman of a Parliamentary Committee, and Lord John Russell, in relation to the refusal of the British Governor at Malta, to allow the landing at that island, of the Roman political refugees.—Lord John states that his course is approved by the Government.

Ireland.

The potato disease is extending in some districts, but as the crop is abundant, a general scarcity is not apprehended.

In Tipperary, the peasantry are successfully resisting the collection of rent.

France.

At the Exhibition of National Industry held at the Louvre, Louis Napoleon, in his speech to the soldiery, said, "Let us encourage and honor the fine arts, for they tend to soften our woes and enhance our joys."

As another step towards popular favor he has ordered the release of 225 of the insurgents of June '48.

The annual festival of the operative printers, took place Sept. 16. The meeting separated amid loud cries of "Vive la Republique!" "Vive la Liberte de la Presse!"

The Parisians, it seems, are taking advantage of the present political quiet, to consummate their matrimonial schemes; the number of notices posted being greater than has been known for several months past.

The vintage will be deficient in quantity, though of an excellent quality.

The Greek Government has requested that no more passports be given to political refugees for that country.

The French army is to be reduced.

Spain.

There is a prospect of trouble with Morocco.

Italy.

The Pope has gone to Naples. His reception was not as enthusiastic as had been expected.

No arrangement has been made of the misunderstanding between the Pope and Louis Napoleon.

Garibaldi is said to be in prison at Genoa. His wife's death is re-asserted.

Tuscany is about to enter into an alliance with Austria.

The Spaniards are about to leave.

Hungary.

The fortress of Peterwardein has been surrendered to the Imperialists. Comorn is to be invested by a large force.

Bem is said to have reached Paris.

Executions of Hungarian officers, and confiscation of their estates, are continually taking place. One schoolmaster, for manifesting sympathy with the Magyars, is condemned to eight years imprisonment in heavy irons.

Turkey.

Dembinski and the brothers Perezel, are in the hands of the Turks.

The Czar has attempted to bully the Sultan into giving up all Hungarians who have sought his protection. The Turk, however, remains firm.

There is a slight misunderstanding with the American Legation.

Russia.

The Emperor has ordered a new recruit for the army.

The Grand Duke Michel is dead. The Emperor has gone to St. Petersburg to superintend the funeral.

Austria.

Great efforts are being made to improve the administration of financial affairs.

Radetsky has been appointed Stadtholder, and Haynau, General Commander in the Lombard-Venetian kingdom.

Germany.

Austria will not oppose the League, if not at variance with the German Confederation.

Ionian Islands.

The insurrection in Cephalonia is not yet quelled. Martial law is in full vigor. A portion of the English squadron at Malta has sailed for the scene of the difficulty.

West Indies.

A Spanish squadron has sailed from Havana for the purpose of guarding the southern coast of Cuba.

The standing army has been increased to six thousand.

Souloque, the new emperor of Hayti, has liberated several political prisoners, which has excited hopes of a general amnesty.

It is said that the coronation was a great sham; the crown of 'Faustin the First' being made of pasteboard, and the 'glittering jewels' all false, and borrowed, at that.

DOMESTIC.

We gave, last week, the Whig State Nominations. We add the Democratic, and both Co. tickets.

DEMOCRATIC STATE NOMINATIONS.

Judge of Appeals—FREEBORN G. JEWETT.

Secretary of State—HENRY S. RANDALL.

Comptroller—JOHN A. LOTT.

Attorney General—LEVI S. CHATFIELD.

Treasurer—BENJAMIN WELCH, Jr.

Canal Commissioner—FREDERICK FOLLET.

Engineer—ALEXANDER CAMPBELL.

Prison Inspector—DARIAS CLARK.

WHIG COUNTY NOMINATIONS.

For Senator—GEORGE GEDDES, of Camillus.

For Sheriff—WILLIAM C. GARDNER, of Tully.

For County Clerk—RUFUS COSSIT, of Onondaga.

For Superintendents of the Poor—HARVEY MOSELY, of Manlius, SILAS L. HOLBROOK, of Pompey.

For Associate Judge—LEVI WELLS, of Pompey.

For Coroners—ORIGEN B. HERRICK, of Van Buren, MILO E. WHITE, of Syracuse, EDMUND D. COBB, of De Witt, ALBERT B. LAWRENCE, of Skaneateles.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY NOMINATIONS.

For Senator—CYRUS H. KINGSLEY, of Van Buren.

For Sheriff—HENRY SHATTUCK, of Syracuse.

For Clerk—HICKS WORDEN, of Manlius.

For Justice—JASON C. FRENCH, of Otisco.

For Superintendents of the Poor.—JAMES M. MUNRO, JAMES M. ELLIS.

For Coroners—DE WITT C. GREENFIELD, A. T. GILMOR, ISAAC MORRELL, FRANCIS A. MARSH.

The President intends visiting New York.

AGAINST DANCING.—The Baptist Association of Philadelphia, which met on the 4th inst., adopted the following resolution, after a protracted discussion:

Resolved—That we regard the practice of dancing, and attendance upon other worldly objects of amusement, as opposed to the spirit of the Gospel, and prejudicial to the growth of grace in the soul, and should, therefore, be habitually discontinued by Christians in general, and Christian parents in particular.

It is said that Mr. Raymond, of the *Courier and Enquirer*, is about to purchase the *Albany Evening Journal*, Mr. Weed, retiring.

Mr. Fillmore has been tendered a dinner by the citizens of Detroit, but has declined an account of his engagements.

We have on board about two hundred and fifty passengers, a crew of thirty-five or forty, and three slaves who are bound for California with their master. These slaves are taken out to work in the mines. There are now quite a number in Panama, bound for the same destination, and I have since learned that many others will soon follow from the States.—*Correspondence Niagara Cataract*.

ACCIDENT ON SKANEATELES LAKE.—We learn from the Skaneateles Democrat, that one day last week, as the steamer Homer was making her downward trip, by some mishap she was run on a bar or delta, that makes out into the lake from Appleton Point, about four miles from the head. She was, however, got off on Saturday, without sustaining any material damage.—*Journal*.

GLEANINGS.

You can go to Europe now for \$60, first cabin, or \$30 second, in Train's elegant line of packets. It will soon cost more to stay at home than it does to travel.

General Cavaignac is at present, though not in an alarming state, suffering from a consumptive affection, hereditary in the family, and which carried off his brother Godfroy.

Oscar, King of Sweden, has turned teetotal, and is sending teetotal missionaries throughout his country to detail the blessings of temperance.

The Greek Slave, Power's great work, has been purchased by the Cincinnati Art Union, and it is expected that it will be put up as one of the prizes for the annual drawing.

Gutta Percha has been applied for the conveyance of water into the city of Birmingham, England, and found well adapted for the purpose. The utmost power of the hydraulic pump could not burst the tubes.

A correspondent of the London Times, states, that the daughter of Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton, is now the wife of a clergyman, the Rev. Philip Ward, of Tenterden vicarage, Kt., and that she has eight children.

Capt. Hosmer, of the ship Jarret, of Westport, Ct., and five of her crew, were dragged down by a whale, in the Pacific, in July, and were never seen again, though the ship cruised three days near the spot.

Rev. R. T. Huddart, well known as an Instructor of Youth, proposes to migrate to California to assist in planting there the seeds of Christianity and Education, by founding a Church and a School at the most desirable point, resuming his ministerial functions and continuing his educational labors.

The Turkish Government has established a system for gratuitous medical aid throughout the empire. Physicians are appointed, with salaries, to visit and attend the sick, and prohibited from taking any fees from the poor.

The White Mountains are already covered with snow.

We regret to announce the death of Edgar A. Poe, the well-known author and poet.

We are happy to announce the arrival of Frederika Bremer, among the passengers by the Canada. She will be welcomed by a grateful multitude in this country, who are indebted to her admirable writings for so many hours of the purest enjoyment.

"Yankee Greediness for Foreign Territory," is the cry of the London Times in reference to the surreptitious attempt to get up an expedition against Cuba.

Vidocq, the celebrated Chief of the Parisian Police, has been arrested for forgery. This adept at thief catching understands the luxury of being caught. There must be a jubilee among the rogues of the French capital.

M'Intyre's Powder Mills near Ithaca, N. Y., were last Thursday evening blown to atoms by the accidental explosion of 1100 pounds of powder. The timbers of the building were scattered for a quarter of a mile around, and the explosion produced a tremendous concussion. No person was killed or wounded.

The Military force sent to Florida by the Government is about sixteen hundred men.

A letter from San Diego, dated August 2d, says, that the slavery question entered into the election and that the anti-slavery ticket prevailed.

The Phrenological Journal.

This Journal is a monthly publication, containing thirty-six or more octavo pages, at One Dollar a year, in advance.

To reform and perfect ourselves and our race, is the most exalted of all works. To do this we must understand the human constitution. This, PHRENOLOGY, PHYSIOLOGY, and VITAL MAGNETISM embrace, and hence fully expound all the laws of our being, conditions of happiness, and causes of misery; constituting the philosopher's stone of UNIVERSAL TRUTH.

PHRENOLOGY.

Each number will contain either the analysis and location of some phrenological faculty, illustrated by an engraving, or an article on their combinations; and also the organization and character of some distinguished personage, accompanied by a likeness, together with frequent articles on Physiognomy and the Temperaments.

The Phrenological Journal is published by FOWLERS AND WELLS, Clinton Hall, 129 and 131 Nassau-st., N. York.

The Spirit of the Age.

This weekly newspaper seeks as its end the Peaceful Transformation of human societies from isolated to associated interests—from competitive to co-operative industry—from disunity to unity. Amidst Revolution and Reaction, it advocates Re-organization. It desires to reconcile conflicting classes, and to harmonize man's various tendencies by an orderly arrangement of all relations, in the Family, the Township, the Nation, the World.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE

will aim to reflect the highest light on all sides communicated in relation to Nature, Man, and the Divine Being—illustrating, according to its power, the laws of Universal Unity.

By summaries of News, domestic and foreign—reports of Reform Movements—sketches of Scientific discoveries and Mechanical inventions—notice of Books and Works of Art—and extracts from the periodical literature of Continental Europe, Great Britain and the United States—THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE will endeavor to present a faithful record of human progress.

This paper is edited by WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING, and published weekly, by FOWLERS AND WELLS, on a super royal sheet, folded into sixteen pages suitable for binding.

The terms are \$2.00 a year, in advance. All letters should be addressed to FOWLERS AND WELLS, Clinton Hall, 129 and 131 Nassau street, New York.

The Water-Cure Journal.

THE WATER-CURE JOURNAL AND HERALD OF REFORMS, is published monthly, at ONE DOLLAR a year, in advance, containing thirty-two large octavo pages, illustrated with engravings, exhibiting the Structure and Anatomy of the entire Human Body; with familiar explanations, easily to be understood by all classes.

The Water-Cure Journal, emphatically a JOURNAL OF HEALTH, embracing the true principles of LIFE and LONGEVITY, has now been before the public several years. And they have expressed their approval of it by giving it a monthly circulation of upwards of Ten Thousand Copies. This Journal is edited by the leading Hydropathic practitioners, aided by numerous able contributors in various parts of our own and other countries.

FOWLERS AND WELLS, Publishers, Clinton Hall, 129 and 131 Nassau-street, New York.

B. R. PECK & Co., are our authorized Agents for Syracuse; ADRIANCE, for Oswego; D. M. DEWEY, for Rochester; T. S. HAWKS, for Buffalo; and all Booksellers, Postmasters, and Teachers, throughout the United States.

HUNTINGTON & SAVAGE,

Publishers, Booksellers, and Stationers, 216, PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.

Publish some of the best and most valuable School Books now in use in the United States, among which are—

GEOGRAPHY OF THE HEAVENS, and Class Book of Astronomy, 1 vol. 18mo., accompanied by a Celestial Atlas, Imperial 4to. By E. H. BURRITT, A. M., with an Introduction by THOMAS DICK, LL.D.

MITCHELL'S BURRITT'S GEOGRAPHY OF THE HEAVENS.—Being Burritt's Geography of the Heavens, revised and improved by Prof. O. M. Mitchell, Director of the Cincinnati Observatory, accompanied by a new Atlas, medium quarto, comprising 27 Star Charts; showing the relative magnitudes, distances, and positions of all the stars, down to the 6th magnitude, inclusive; also, the principal Nebulae, Nebulous Stars, Double and Multiple Stars; together with the telescopic appearance of some of the most remarkable objects in the Heavens.

THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHY, illustrated by sixty colored stylographic maps, and 220 beautiful engravings, accompanied by a Globe Map, on a new plan. 1 volume medium 4to.

PETER PARLEY'S NEW GEOGRAPHY FOR BEGINNERS. (Colored Maps and Stiff Covers.)

GOODRICH'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE U. S. PICTORIAL HISTORY OF FRANCE. PICTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND. PICTORIAL HISTORY OF GREECE. PICTORIAL HISTORY OF ROME.

New editions just published. This series of School Histories, formerly published by Messrs. Scribner & Ball, Philadelphia, is acknowledged to be the best in use; and they have been extensively introduced into the Schools of our country.

MRS. LINCOLN'S BOTANY. New Edition, enlarged. 1 vol. 12mo.

PHILIPS' CHEMISTRY. New Edition. 1 vol. 12mo. NATURAL PHILOSOPHY. New Edition. 1 vol. 12mo.

BOTANY FOR BEGINNERS. An Introduction to Mrs. Lincoln's Botany, for the use of Common Schools. 1 vol. 18mo.

CHEMISTRY FOR BEGINNERS; designed for Common Schools. 1 vol. 18mo.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY FOR BEGINNERS. Same size.

GEOLOGY.

KAMES' ELEMENTS OF CRITICISM. By ABRAHAM MILLS, A. M. 1 vol. royal 12mo.

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY. UNIVERSITY EDITION, in 1 vol. duodecimo.

WEBSTER'S HIGH SCHOOL PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY. 1 vol. 12mo. New Edition revised.

PRIMARY SCHOOL PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY. New Edition revised. 16mo. square.

DICTIONARY. Pocket Edition, 32mo. emb'd plain.

DICTIONARY. Pocket Edition, 32mo. emb'd gilt.

The above Dictionaries are more generally used than any other, and as they are now from new stereotype plates, conforming to Dr. Webster's standard works, edited by Professor Goodrich, the Publishers anticipate a large increase of sales.

PINNEY'S FIRST BOOK IN FRENCH, 1 vol. 18mo.

This book is more simple and easy for beginners than any heretofore published in the New Method, and is designed to precede Mr. Pinney's large work.

PINNEY'S FIRST BOOK IN FRENCH, with a Key.

THE PRACTICAL FRENCH TEACHER; or a new method of learning to read, write, and speak the French. By NORMAN PINNEY, A. M. 1 vol. 12mo.

KEY TO THE PRACTICAL FRENCH TEACHER.

ASTRONOMICAL MAPS. By H. MATTISON, 16 Nos. cloth backs and rollers, with case and book.

ASTRONOMICAL MAPS, on heavy paper and rollers.

THE FIFTH EDITION OF MATTISON'S ELEMENTARY ASTRONOMY, for Academies and Schools, illustrated by numerous original Engravings, and adapted to use either with or without the author's Large Maps. Large 18mo. 240 pages, with Questions and a Glossary. One of the most comprehensive and splendidly illustrated volumes upon Astronomy that has ever been published in the United States. Price 50 cents.

To School Teachers,

AND THE FRIENDS OF EDUCATION, GENERALLY.

GATES, STEDMAN & Co.,

116 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK.

Publish this day, Thursday, July 5th, *The Primer and First Reader* of the NATURAL SERIES OF READING BOOKS, by OLIVER B. PIERCE.

"Take Nature's path, and mad opinions leave."—Pope.

Also, an *Essay on Reading, Spelling, &c. &c.*, by the same.

Teachers and school officers in the city, are invited to call and receive copies for examination.

Those residing in any other part of the United States, who will send, post paid, their post-office address, shall receive gratis, through the mail, copies of the above, subject only to postage, which on the *Primer* (bound) is 4 1-2 cents; on the *First Reader*, 6 1-2 cents; the *Essay*, 2 1-2 cents.

The *Second Reader* will be issued in about three weeks, and will be sent on the same terms as the above. Postage about 10 or 12 cents probably.

The following are some of the features of "The Natural Series" when complete. Especial attention is solicited to the plan of teaching the *right pronunciation of words*, (without continual reference to the teacher) as the author believes that life is too short for a person to be required to spend one-half in going astray, and half of the other half in discovering his mistake, and returning to the right road.

I. *The Primer*; alphabetical, with more than seventy cuts. 72 pages.

II. *The First Reader*; with more than fifty cuts. 108 p.

III. *The Second Reader*; with more than fifty cuts—in press.

IV. *The Third Reader*; to be issued in September, 1840.

V. *The Fourth Reader*; to follow the Third Reader very soon.

VI. *The Fifth Reader*; to follow the Fourth Reader very soon.

The *Primer* presents a new and improved method of learning the alphabet. Following the alphabetical exercises are XXXIV. easy lessons in Spelling and Reading.

In his progress through the Series, the child learns *correctly* the principles of Orthoepy and Orthography, by the same lessons, and according to *actual usage* among the best speakers and writers of the day.

By the various primary works, from the first writing of the language down to the present time, the learner has been taught to pronounce *correctly* various classes of words, but especially that very numerous class having the termination *ed*, not spoken as a separate syllable; as *lov-ed*, *prov-ed*, *knock-ed*, *dash-ed*, *mis-ed*, &c.

The child having been taught by the books to pronounce such words as just indicated, finds, later, to his perplexity and discouragement, that what he has thus acquired is all wrong.—He must now unlearn this, and learn that such words are to be spoken, *loved*, not *lov-ed*; *proved*, not *prov-ed*; *knocked*, not *knock-ed*; *dashd*, not *dash-ed*; *misd*, not *mis-ed*, &c., &c.

By the *Natural Series*, the child is *always* taught the *right*, first; and not the *wrong afterwards*.

It is believed that the use of the *Natural Series* will secure a free, easy and natural style of elocution in the progressive tyro, and will *naturalize* the constrained, stiff and artificial reader.

It is believed, also, that these books are better graduated in their intellectual character, than others now in common use, *simpler, clearer, higher, and more attractive and impressive* in their moral tone.

Arithmetical Tables,

Comprising ADDITION, SUBTRACTION, MULTIPLICATION and DIVISION; arranged on a new plan, and set to Music; By T. H. BOWEN, Teacher of Music, &c., in the N. Y. State Normal School.

Published by ASA C. BOWEN, and for sale by W. C. Little, Albany, L. W. Hall, Syracuse, and by Booksellers in general.

A CARD.

The Subscribers grateful for past liberal patronage, beg leave to call the attention of their customers and the public generally to their

New Invoice of Fall Goods,

just received embracing all the varieties of styles, &c., usually called for in this market. We keep no SECOND RATE GOODS. Our Stock is wholly composed of the best qualities of Dry Goods, which will be sold as low as the same grade of goods can be bought at any House in this city.

SPENCER, DE WOLFE & SLOSSON.

Syracuse, Sept. 28, 1849.

1,000 pounds of live Geese Feathers for sale.

Taylor's Temperance Hotel,

28 COURTLAND ST., NEW YORK.

This Hotel is situated near Broadway, and but a short distance from the landing of the North River Steamboats and Cars from Philadelphia, Newark, Paterson, &c. For business men, generally, it is very conveniently located. It is not large, but can accommodate about one hundred persons well. When the Subscriber opened this House, about two years since, it was a broken down Rum House, and many thought it even foolish to open it as a TEMPERANCE HOUSE; but, through his exertions and the liberal patronage of his Temperance friends and others, he has shown that a temperance hotel can be supported if well kept. And as this is a time that tries men's temperance principles, a time when many temperance Houses are giving up, and putting in Rum, the Subscriber would invite all those that feel an interest in the cause to remember his House—No. 28, Courtland st.

ELDAD TAYLOR.

New York, 1849.

Price of Board, \$1.25 per day.

HAWLEY, FULLER & CO., UTICA,

Publishers of

Perkins' Mathematical Series.

PERKINS' ELEMENTARY ARITHMETIC.

This has recently been revised and considerably enlarged. The clearness and conciseness of its rules have secured for it a very extensive circulation. 37 1-2 cents.

PERKINS' HIGHER ARITHMETIC.

Has also been revised, and about seventy pages of additional matter have been inserted. It develops the higher principles of Arithmetic more fully than any other book before the public. 75 cents.

PERKINS' ELEMENTS OF ALGEBRA.

Prepared expressly for Common Schools, and by the best teachers pronounced "admirably adapted to that purpose."—75 cents.

PERKINS' TREATISE ON ALGEBRA.

Embracing, besides the elementary principles, the Theorem of Sturm, and the higher parts usually taught in Colleges. A revised, enlarged and improved edition recently published.

PERKINS' ELEMENTS OF GEOMETRY.

With Practical Applications—lately published, and distinguished from all former text books on Geometry, by applying the principles to practice, as fast as they are explained. \$1.00.

Teachers wishing to make arrangements for the introduction of these works, are requested to address

JOHN PERKINS, Utica.

THE NEW GRAEFENBERG WATER-CURE REPORTER,

PUBLISHED BY R. HOLLAND,

Proprietor of the New Graefenberg Water-Cure Establishment, Utica, N. Y.

HENRY FOSTER, M. D. New Graefenberg, Editor.

E. A. KITTREDGE, M. D., Boston, Corresponding Ed.

PROSPECTUS.

The objects of the REPORTER are, 1. To record information respecting the Water-Cure, marking such changes of the new system as may arise.

2. It will especially aim to unfold the principles of the Hydropathic system, describe its processes, and explain how Water can be applied as a remedial agent, according to scientific rules.

3. Cases of cure will be reported, with a description of systems, and also of the new method of treating them.

4. While the treatment will be made as comprehensible as possible for general and domestic use, the dangers of water as a curative agent, in unskillful hands, will receive due attention.

5. The value of good health, with the true way to preserve it, will be made prominent.

The REPORTER will appear monthly, with good print and paper, making at the close of the year a volume of nearly 400 pages of valuable reading matter on the above subjects.

TERMS, ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

One copy one year, \$1.00

Five copies, to one address, 4.00

Ten copies, 6.00

Address, post-paid.

R. HOLLAND, Publisher, or

H. FOSTER, M. D., Editor, Utica, N. Y.

German and French.

PROF. AUGUSTUS MAASBERG, a Graduate of the University of Halle, is prepared to give instruction in the German and French languages, to Classes or Private Pupils.

For references or further particulars, enquire at L. W. Cogswell's, Fayette st.

Church Music.

THE BAY STATE COLLECTION of Church Music, by Johnson, Osgood and Hill. For sale by Oct 2 L. W. MALL.

THE LITERARY WORLD;

A MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL

OF MATTERS OF INTEREST FOR THE WEEK, CONNECTED WITH

Books, Music, Paintings, Reports of Science, Amusements, &c. &c.

With Original Papers, Sketches, &c., by Distinguished Contributors, AND A GREAT VARIETY OF MISCELLANY AND GOSSIP FOR

General Readers,

PUBLISHED WEEKLY IN 20 AND 24 PAGES, QUARTO, BY

E. A. & G. L. DUYCKINCK,

Editors and Proprietors, 157 Broadway, New York.

AT THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

New Volume of the Literary World.

On the Seventh of July, was commenced the 5th Volume of the Literary World. Two volumes of the Literary World are now published per annum, of between five hundred and six hundred pages each.

In the new volume the various departments characteristic of the Journal, and the sources of its present wide-spread support, will be regularly maintained. Particular attention will be given as heretofore to the early presentation of New Books of interest, in the publication of Extracts and Passages in Advance; to the elaborate Review of works important from their facts or opinions; to an extensive Record of all New Publications; to the Reports of Societies; Literary Correspondence and Intelligence. To these will be added series of Original Papers; Essays on the Arts, Sketches of Society, of Travel, Original Poems, occasional articles from foreign journals, and generally such collateral matters of interest as bear upon the peculiar objects of "The Literary World." Besides the continuation of papers already in progress, there will be given throughout the new volume, an entirely

New Series of Translations,

EXHIBITING CHARACTERISTIC SPECIMENS OF INTEREST OF THE BRILLIANT SCHOOL OF FRENCH CRITICISM.

Also, a Series of Sketches of Original Observation, entitled

Drafts at Sight on the South West.

These will appear with the picturesque papers of the Manhattener in New Orleans.

Chips from the Library.

A MISCELLANY OF FACTS, FANCY, AND PHILOSOPHY,

Prepared expressly from various Resources for the Literary World. Also, a series of

Unique Poems,

ORIGINAL AND OTHERS, NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME PRINTED IN AMERICA.

Anecdotes, Ana, etc.

ILLUSTRATIVE OF LIFE AND CHARACTER, OF PERMANENT INTEREST.

The Literary World now numbers in the contributors to its pages, the largest body of distinguished and influential writers, it is believed, who have ever been drawn together to the support of an undertaking of the kind in this country.

The Journal is an accredited organ of the literary interest throughout the country. The earliest Announcements of New Books appear in its columns; while its advertising pages present a comprehensive view, from the various Publishing Houses of the Union, of all the literary movements of the day. It is thus a desirable medium for the circulation of Advertisements from and to all parts of the country.

New Subscribers, who would secure complete sets of the New Volume of the Literary World, should commence their subscriptions with the first number in July.

Subscriptions \$3 00 per annum, in advance, received by the Booksellers generally, and by the Publishers.

E. A. & G. L. DUYCKINCK, 157 Broadway, New York.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

From the National Intelligencer, April 17.

"It is to be premised that this paper is not merely the (so to speak) extended catalogue of each week's books: IT IS AN EXCELLENT FAMILY PAPER, AND AS SUCH ABOUNDS IN INTERESTING AND VARIOUS MATTER. Thus, in the present number we have first, a graphic and sprightly description of a peep into the Exchange at New Orleans, giving us in brief an insight into the doings and manners of that world of strangers, the Crescent City; next, a kind of 'pot pourri' of the latest publications, consisting of mere passing notices of some books, and lengthened systematic criticisms of others, in the which prose and poetry, novels and annals, works on architecture and works on commerce, are touched up, now with praise, again with critical severity, and again with stern condemnation; next we have selected passages from Macaulay's new history, original poetry, articles upon society, the fine arts, music, the drama, the items of the day; and, lastly, the Publisher's Circular. This last informs the reading public what new works may be expected soon, and what new editions of old works are in progress.

"The object of the publishers is a good one, and they are undoubtedly prosecuting it with determined energy. Their intention would seem to be the publication of a paper devoted to literary intelligence; not merely the advertisement of books, not a journal for the convenience and assistance of the book-trade solely, but for the furnishing information as to the products of the world of books.

"Thus much for the project of the Messrs. Duyckinck. It commends itself to those who, in conversation, would escape the vexation of finding themselves ignorant of the character of the new publications of the day, as a means for keeping themselves 'posted up'; to those to whom the cares of business spare little or no time for regular systematic reading, it affords the advantage of its brief criticisms and abstracts; and to all, its pages afford a reference for assistance in the selection of the best works from among the multitudes being published daily. We wish the Messrs. Duyckinck all manner of success."

Syracuse Nurseries.

THE Subscribers having entered into partnership in the Nursery business under the above entitled firm, have now ready for sale, a very extensive stock of the most valuable kinds of FRUIT TREES, embracing most of the standard varieties, (including those most highly approved and specially recommended by the late Pomological Conventions at New York and Buffalo,) which in vigor, thriftiness, and symmetry of growth, are not excelled by the productions of any other Nursery in the State. Having more than FORTY ACRES now chiefly devoted to the cultivation of Fruit Trees, they are prepared to sell at Wholesale, as largely, at prices as low, and on terms as reasonable, as any other Nursery establishment here or elsewhere. The superior quality of their Trees must continue to recommend them to amateurs, who desire to unite ornament with utility, and to orchardists whose chief aim is to obtain such only as are healthy and vigorous.

They have also a large supply of ORNAMENTAL TREES, and several thousands Seedling Horse Chestnuts at very moderate prices.

Orders will be promptly attended to, and trees packed safely for transportation to any distance.

Catalogues furnished, GRATIS, to all POST PAID applications, and they may also be obtained, and orders left, at the Store of M. W. Hanchett, between the Rail Road and Syracuse House.

ALANSON THORP.

WM. B. SMITH.

J. C. HANCHETT.

Syracuse, Feb. 4th, 1849

Paper Hangings, Window Shades, &c.

JUST received a new assortment of Figured and Plain Window Curtains, Paper Hangings and Borders, which are sold at low cash prices by October 10, 1849. B. R. PECK & Co.

NURSERY

At South Onondaga.

THE Subscriber offers for sale, from his Nursery, at south Onondaga, a few thousand grafted Fruit Trees, mostly Apple, embracing the best of Summer, Fall, and Winter varieties. Prices low. Terms cash, or approved credit to suit the purchaser. W. W. NEWMAN.

SYRACUSE BOOK BINDERY.

A. G. McGLASHAN & CO.,

RESPECTFULLY announce to their friends, patrons and the public generally, that they have removed their Book Bindery into the Malcolm Block. They have greatly enlarged and improved their establishment, and are now prepared to execute

BOOK BINDING

In all its various branches, including Turkey Morocco, Superior Gilt Edge, Cloth Work, etc., etc., etc.,

Also, constantly on hand at their Room, Nos. 22 & 26 MALCOLM BLOCK,

BLANK BOOKS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION. Orders faithfully executed on short notice, and all work warranted to be durable.

Cloth Cases made & Embossed for the Trade. N. B. Particular attention paid to the re binding of private and public Libraries, Music, &c.

A. G. McGLASHAN,

CHAS. A. FOCKE.

Syracuse, May 5, 1849.

Removal.

CHAUNCEY TUTTLE has removed his **Hat and Fur Store** opposite (north) of the Syracuse House, *Genesee Street*, next door to B. R. Norton & Co., Jewellers, where will be kept as good and fashionable assortment of Goods as can be found in the State of New York, in our line,

CONSISTING IN PART OF

Black and Arab Beaver, White and Black Brush, Mole Skin and Silk Hats.

From the well known and fashionable establishment of **Wm. H. Brebe & Co.**, Broadway, New York. Panama, Manilla Cactus, and all kinds of **STRAW HATS** for gentlemen. Youths' and Children's Cloth Caps of all kinds and qualities, Umbrellas, Trunks, Valises and Traveling Bags, and many other articles too numerous to mention.

Cash paid for any quantity of Fleece, Wool, Sheep and Lamb Skins. **Store**, *Genesee Street*, opposite north of the Syracuse House.

CHAUNCEY TUTTLE, Agent.

S. THAYER,

Artist.

Studio, over the Onondaga County Bank, Salina Street, Syracuse.

DRS. POTTER & KENWORTHY,

Editors of the

Eclectic Surgical and Medical Journal, Will promptly attend all calls in the line of their profession in the City and Country, and can be consulted at all hours, at their office,

Over Bank of Syracuse, Salina Street, near the Rail Road Depot.

The Poor prescribed for, and Surgical operations performed for them gratuitously.

Physic & Surgery.

DR. THOMAS SPENCER,

Office over Major Dana's Store, corner Warren and Canal Streets, Syracuse, N. Y.

WYNKOOP & BROTHER,

Booksellers and Stationers, No. 5, SALINA STREET, SYRACUSE, Have constantly on hand a general assortment of **School and Library Books, Maps, Globes, and other School Apparatus**,

Which they sell, **WHOLESALE & RETAIL**, on the best Terms, to Merchants, Teachers, Trustees, &c. * * The Friends of Education are respectfully invited to examine our Stock. March 24, '49.

CLARK'S DAGUERRETYPE

GALLERY,

Franklin Buildings, Syracuse.

LIKENESSES by the improved **DAGUERRETYPE** Of various sizes, and of the most delicate execution, may be obtained at the above Rooms during the day, from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M.

PRICES FROM \$1 TO \$20.

Chemicals, Plates, Cases, Cameras, Apparatus, and other materials connected with the Art, constantly on hand, and for sale at New York prices. The above articles are selected with great care, and warranted in all cases. J. M. CLARK, June 7, 1849. F. J. CLARK.

DENTAL SURGERY,

BY C. F. CAMPBELL.

Office in the Malcolm Block, nearly opposite the Car-House.

THOSE in want of the aid of a Dentist, are invited to call and examine specimens of work which will be warranted to compare favorably with the best done in this State, and at prices within the means of all.

Dr. C. would say to those in want of parts, or entire sets of **Teeth** on plate, that he will (in order to obviate the inconvenience which people experience from going without teeth from 3 to 6 months, which is necessary before inserting the permanent set,) furnish them with a temporary set free from expense, until the set is inserted. Syracuse, June 9, 1849.

PALMER'S NEWS ROOM, SYRACUSE HOUSE, SALINA STREET, Syracuse, N. Y.,

Where every variety of Magazines, Cheap Publications, Newspapers, Daily and Weekly, &c., &c., may be found at wholesale or retail, upon the most favorable terms.

THE FOLLOWING ARE AMONG HIS LIST OF

MAGAZINES,

RECEIVED EVERY MONTH:

Eclectic Magazine	\$6 per year, 50c. No.
Knickerbocker do.	5 " 44 "
Hunt's Merch't's do.	5 " 44 "
Am. Whig Review,	5 " 44 "
Littell's Living Age,	6 " 12½ weekly.
Democratic Review,	3 " 25 monthly.
Graham's Magazine,	3 " 25 "
Godey's Lady's Book,	3 " 25 "
Blackwood's do.,	3 " 25 "
Sartain's Union Mag.	3 " 25 "
Holden's Dollar do.	1 " 12½ "
Ladies' National do.	2 " 18 "
Ch'n Ladies' Wreath,	1 " 9 "
" Family Circle,	1 " 9 "
Merry's Museum,	1 " 9 "
N. Amer Review,	1 " 1,25 quarterly.
Edinburgh do.	3 " 75 "
Westminster do.	3 " 75 "
London do.	3 " 75 "
North British do.	3 " 75 "

NEWSPAPERS.

NEW YORK CITY.—Nation. Tribune. Scientific American. Organ. Spirit of the Times. Home Journal. Police Gazette. Literary World. New York Herald. Sunday Mercury. Ned Buntline's Own. Daily Herald, Tribune and Express.

BOSTON.—Uncle Sam. Yankee. Flag of our Union. Museum. Pilot. Yankee Blade. Olive Branch. Star Spangled Banner.

PHILADELPHIA.—Saturday Courier. Neal's Gazette. Dollar Newspaper. Post.

LONDON.—Illustrated Times. News. Punch. W. L. PALMER, Syracuse.

City Drug Store.

A Large and well selected assortment of Drugs, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Perfumery, Dental Stock and Fancy Goods,

Can be found at the **CITY DRUG STORE**, all of which are of the first quality and will be sold at reasonable prices.

N. B.—Physicians' and Family Prescriptions put up at any hour of the day or night by competent persons. Also at the above establishment, may at all times be found a large assortment of

Choice Family Groceries,

Selected with great care expressly for City Retail Trade. Those who want pure **WINES AND LIQUORS**, expressly for medicinal purposes, can be supplied. D. Y. FOOT.

Syracuse, June 4, 1849.

Watches, Jewelry, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail.

THE Subscribers keep constantly on hand, a very extensive assortment of Watches, Jewelry, Silver-Ware, Spectacles, Clocks, Fancy Goods, &c.

Being extensively engaged in the importation of Watch movements and casing the same with Gold and Silver, we are enabled to sell at the lowest New York prices.

JEWELRY we buy directly of manufacturers, thereby saving at least the New York Jobbers' profit. We have a large manufactory where **SILVER-WARE** of all kinds is made equal to any this side of the Atlantic and of **SILVER EQUAL TO COIN.**

SPECTACLES.

The subscribers are the sole Agents for this and sixteen other counties in this State, for the sale of Burt's Periscope Spectacles, the best glass now made.

CLOCKS of all descriptions and warranted good time keepers.

Plated & Britannia Ware of all kinds.

FANCY GOODS of every description usually kept in Stores of this kind.

We wish it to be understood that we will not be undersold.

N. B. Watches and Jewelry repaired by skillful workmen.

WILLARD & HAWLEY,

Between the Syracuse House and Post Office.

ELECTION NOTICE.

STATE OF NEW YORK, COUNTY OF ONONDAGA, }
Sheriff's Office, July 14, 1849.

NOTICE is hereby given that at the general Election to be held in this State on Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:

A Judge of the Court of Appeals, in the place of Freeborn G. Jewett. A Secretary of State, in the place of Christopher Morgan. A Comptroller, in the place of Washington Hunt. A State Treasurer in the place of Alvah Hunt. An Attorney General, in the place of Ambrose L. Jordan; a State Engineer and Surveyor in the place of Charles B. Stuart; a Canal Commissioner in the place of Nelson J. Beach; and an Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of Isaac N. Comstock; all whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next; also, a Justice of the Supreme Court for the 5th Judicial District, in the place of Charles Gray, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next; also a Senator for the 22d Senate District, in the place of George Geddes, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next.

County Officers to be elected for said County.

Four Members of Assembly; two Justices for Sessions, a Sheriff in the place of Joshua C. Cuddeback; a County Clerk, in the place of Vivus W. Smith; and a Superintendent of the Poor in the place of James M. Monroe, whose terms of service will expire on the last day of December next; also four Coroners, in the places of the present incumbents, whose terms of service will expire on the last day of December next. The electors throughout the State are also to vote for or against the adoption of the act entitled "an act Establishing Free Schools throughout the state," passed March 26, 1849. J. C. CUDEBACK, Sheriff of Onondaga Co.

STATE OF NEW YORK, SECRETARY'S OFFICE. }
Albany, July 14, 1849.

To the Sheriff of the County of Onondaga:—
SIR—Notice is hereby given that at the General Election to be held in this State on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected to wit:

A Judge of the Court of Appeals, in the place of Freeborn G. Jewett. A Secretary of State, in the place of Christopher Morgan. A Comptroller in the place of Washington Hunt. A State Treasurer, in the place of Alvah Hunt. An Attorney General, in the place of Ambrose L. Jordan. A State Engineer and Surveyor, in the place of Charles B. Stuart. A Canal Commissioner, in the place of Nelson J. Beach; and an Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of Isaac N. Comstock, all whose terms of service will expire on the last day of December next. Also, a Justice of the Supreme Court for the Fifth Judicial District, in the place of Charles Gray, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next. Also, a Senator for the Twenty-Second Senate District in the place of George Geddes, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next.

County Officers to be also elected for said County.

Four members of Assembly; two "Justices for Sessions," a Sheriff, in the place of Joshua C. Cuddeback; a County Clerk, in the place of Vivus W. Smith; and a Superintendent of the Poor, in the place of James M. Monroe, all whose terms of service will expire on the last day of December next. Also, four Coroners, in the places of the present incumbents, whose terms of service will expire on the last day of December next. The electors throughout the State are also to vote for or against the adoption of the act entitled "an act Establishing Free Schools throughout the State," passed March 26, 1849. Yours Respectfully,
CHRISTOPHER MORGAN, Secretary of State

Music Store.

ALLEN & HOWE,

DEALERS IN

Music & Musical Instruments,

Corner of Salina and Washington Street, opposite the Rail Road Depot.

Piano Fortes from the best manufacturers—all warranted. American, French, and Spanish Guitars. Firth, Pond & Co., and Wm. Hall & Son's Brass Instruments. Violins, Flutes, Accordions, Melodeons, and all other approved Instruments. Sheet Music, Instruction Books for all Instruments, and, in short, every thing that a music store should contain. Bands furnished at New York prices. Syracuse, July 21, 1849.

L. W. HALL,

BOOKSELLER AND PUBLISHER,

No. 11, SALINA STREET, SYRACUSE,

Has constantly on hand, a general assortment of **School and Library Books, Maps, Globes, and other School Apparatus**,

Which he sells, **WHOLESALE AND RETAIL**, on the best Terms, to Merchants, Teachers, Trustees, &c.

* * The Friends of Education are respectfully invited to examine his Stock. April 8, '49.

Professor Mandeville's READING BOOKS.

APPLETON & Co., Publishers, 200 Broadway,
New York.

I. PRIMARY, OR FIRST READER. 10 cents.
II. SECOND READER. 17 cents.

These two readers are formed substantially on the same plan; and the second is a continuation of the first. The design of both is, to combine a knowledge of the meaning and pronunciation of words, with a knowledge of their grammatical functions. The parts of speech are introduced successively, beginning with the articles; these are followed by the demonstrative pronouns; and these again by others, class after class, until all that are requisite to form a sentence have been separately considered; when the common reading lessons begin.

The Second Reader reviews the ground passed over in the Primary, but adds largely to the amount of information. The child is here also taught to read writing as well as printed matter; and in the reading lessons, attention is constantly directed to the different ways in which sentences are formed and connected, and of the peculiar manner in which each of them is delivered. All who have examined these books, have pronounced them a decided and important advance on every other of the same class, in use.

III. THIRD READER. 25 cents.

IV. FOURTH READER. 37½ cents.

In the first two readers, the main object is to make the pupil acquainted with the meaning and functions of words, and to impart facility in pronouncing them in sentential connection; the leading design of these, is to form a natural, flexible, and varied delivery. Accordingly, the Third Reader opens with a series of exercises on articulation and modulation, containing numerous examples for practice on the elementary sounds (including errors to be corrected), and on the different movements of the voice, produced by sentential structure, by emphasis, and by the passions. The habits formed by these exercises, which should be thoroughly, as they can be easily mastered, under intelligent instruction, find scope for improvement and confirmation in the reading lessons which follow in the same book and that which succeeds.

These lessons have been selected with special reference to the following peculiarities:

1. Colloquial character.
2. Variety of sentential structure.
3. Variety of subject matter.
4. Adaptation to the progressive development of the pupil's mind; and, as far as possible,
5. Tendency to excite moral and religious emotions.

V. THE FIFTH READER; or, COURSE OF READING. 75 cents.

VI. THE ELEMENTS OF READING AND ORATORY. \$1.

These books are designed to cultivate the literary taste, as well as the understanding and vocal powers of the pupil.

THE COURSE OF READING comprises three parts: the first part containing a more elaborate description of elementary sounds, and of the parts of speech grammatically considered, than was deemed necessary in the preceding works, here indispensable; part second, a complete classification and description of every sentence to be found in the English, or any other language; examples of which in every degree of expansion from a few words to the half of an octavo page in length, are adduced, and arranged to be read; and as each species has its peculiar delivery as well as structure, both are learned at the same time; part third, paragraphs; or sentences in their connection unfolding general thoughts, as in the common reading books.

It may be observed that the selections of sentences in part second, and of paragraphs in part third, comprise some of the finest gems in the language; distinguished alike for beauty of thought and facility of diction. If not found in a school book, they might be appropriately called "elegant extracts."

THE ELEMENTS OF READING AND ORATORY closes the series with an exhibition of the whole theory and art of Elocution, exclusive of gesture. It contains, besides the classifications of sentences already referred to, but here presented with fuller statement and illustration, the laws of punctuation and delivery deduced from it; the whole followed by carefully selected pieces for sentential analysis and vocal practice.

THE RESULT. The student who acquaints himself thoroughly with the contents of this book, will, as numerous experiments have prove:

1. Acquire complete knowledge of the structure of language;
2. Be able to designate any sentence of any book by name at a glance;
3. Be able to declare with equal rapidity its proper punctuation;
4. Be able to declare, and with sufficient practice, to give its proper delivery.

Such are a few of the general characteristics of the series of school books which the publishers now offer to the friends and patrons of a sound common school and academic education.

N. B. The punctuation in all these books conforms to the sense and proper delivery of every sentence, and is a guide to both. When a departure from the proper punctuation occurs, the proper delivery is indicated. As reading books are usually punctuated, it is a matter of surprise that children should learn to read it at all.

* * The above series of Reading Books are already very extensively introduced and commended by the most experienced Teachers in the country.—Prof. Mandeville's system is eminently original, scientific, and practical, and destined wherever it is introduced, to supersede at once all others."

A large discount made from the above prices.

A NEW VOLUME!

THE LITERARY UNION:

A JOURNAL OF PROGRESS.

"Independent in everything."

THE Second Volume will commence on the 3d of October. All its present features of interest will be retained, and other and new ones, added. As a

FAMILY NEWSPAPER,

It presents a large variety of choice Literature, avoiding every thing of a demoralizing tendency. Purity of tone will be a special aim. Details of crime, and every thing tending to excite morbid passions, will be rigidly excluded, from principle. Its careful condensations of NEWS, giving the valuable in small space and excluding the worthless, have won for it the warmest commendation.

Education,

as the most important interest of the country;

Religion and Politics,

independent of sect and party;

Agriculture and Science,

as the greatest material agencies of the world;—these will be treated with the design of making them of practical utility.

Our Original Department

Will be greatly improved, and embrace articles from the ablest writers, which cannot fail to enhance the value of the paper. The

Literary Notices

will be prompt and impartial, giving the honest views of the editors, irrespective of favor.

In short, it will be devoted to the great interests of humanity, and therefore adapted to every circle. With such an object we claim the support of all who would encourage the growth of virtue and sustain its strongest agency—a pure Literature.

THE LITERARY UNION,

Is issued every Wednesday, in Royal Quarto form, of 16 pages, and a style of mechanical excellence unsurpassed by any similar periodical;—making each year, two elegant volumes.

TERMS.—Single subscriptions, \$2.00 a year.

CLUBBING.

Five copies to one address,	- -	\$ 8.00
Ten " " " "	- -	15.00
Twenty " " " "	- -	25.00

and a

FREE COPY

to the person getting up the club! Payment always in advance.

POSTMASTERS

are requested to act as agents.

Active AGENTS wanted.

City subscribers who prefer it, served by carrier at five cents per week.

All communications addressed, POST PAID, to

J. M. WINCHELL,

Proprietor.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

It is in the hands of intelligent and persevering men, and cannot fail to succeed.—*Syracuse Journal*.

It professes to be "independent in everything," and evinces industry and capacity.—*Albany Argus*.

It is got up in very attractive style—is ably conducted, well-filled, and guarantees a high tone of sentiment.—We should think it would become immensely popular.—*Excelsior*, (Boston.)

So far as our knowledge exists, it bears the palm from all the various journals in the West of our State.—*N. Y. Literary American*.

All these gentlemen—(editors and proprietors)—are favorably known in this city both as teachers and gentlemen of literary taste and attainments.—*Sy. Central City*.

A well-edited weekly paper.—*Phil. Sat. Post*.

Its Proprietor and Editors are young men of talents and thorough education. We know them to be capable of making a good paper.—*Troy Post*.

It gives decided evidence of taste and good judgment.—*N. Y. Organ*.

The editors are young gentlemen possessing a high order of talent, and capable of making up a paper of great value to the people. Such a paper is needed.—*Syracuse Revue*.

A choice variety of articles, well selected, admirably printed, and tastefully arranged.—*N. Y. Christian Messenger*.

Its original articles are bold, manly and vigorous—its principles sound and well-sustained, and its selections varied and interesting to all classes of readers.—*District School Journal*.

A literary journal rarely equalled in quality of matter and beauty of typography.—*American Mechanic*.

Those who read it will be enlightened and most agreeably entertained. We like the spirit of the paper, much.—*Water-Cure Journal*.

Unlike many other papers which on their advent into existence make large promises and fail to meet public expectation, the *Union* has been constantly improving.—It is a credit to the city and to Central New York; and we hope it may receive such a support as will render it a permanent accession to the literary and reformatory journals of the country, among which it has already attained an elevated position.—*Onondaga Standard*.

A handsomely printed and ably edited paper.—*N. Y. Eve. Mirror*.

One of the very best papers of the kind in the country.—*Paris (Mo.) Mercury*.

Messrs. Winchell & Johnson are young men of great literary attainments, and eminently qualified for their undertaking, as this No. abundantly shows.—*Stark Co. (O.) Democrat*.

A valuable work, and one that will bear comparison with any of the eastern publications.—*Lawrence (Pa.) Journal*.

A large and beautiful quarto sheet, edited with much ability. "Old Syracuse, the boasted Central City" of our State, is well represented abroad in her literary character by such a journal.—*N. Y. Pathfinder*.

One of the best literary papers with which we have become acquainted. In short, it is just what its name implies, the *LITERARY UNION*.—*Cortland Co. Express*.

We hesitate not in saying, it is not to be surpassed either in its original, selected or miscellaneous department.—*Rhinebeck Gazette*.

A beautiful and well executed weekly.—Every No. contains selections and original matter well adapted to popular literary reading, highly entertaining and instructive. It is just what the Public need to elevate the standard of intellectual improvement.—*Eclectic Medical Journal*.

Syracuse Market, Oct. 10.

(Corrected weekly for the Literary Union.)

Wheat, bu., \$1.00 a 1,12	Wool lb.,.....20a28
Flour, bbl., 5,37 a 5,50	Hay ton,.....6,00 a 8,00
Indian Meal, cwt., 1 25	Fine Salt bbl.,.....81
Corn, bu.,.....56	Solar,.....1,75
Oats,.....30 a 31	Bag 20 lbs.,.....10
Barley,.....50	" 28 ".....14
Rye,.....48	Salt bbls.,.....22
Potatoes,.....63	Flour,.....26
Onions,.....50	Sheep Pelts,.....50a1,00
Beans,.....75	Lamb Skins,.....40a75
Apples,.....75	Hard Wood cord, 4,00
Dried Apples,.....75	Soft Do., 1,75a2,25
Butter, lb.,.....13 a 14	Beef on foot, 4,00a4,50
Cheese,.....6a7	Pork cwt., 5,00a5,50
Lard,.....7a8	" bbl., 12,50a14,00
Chickens,.....10	Hams,.....7a0
Eggs, doz.,.....11	Shoulders,.....5a6

WM. C. TRIMLETT, PRINTER.